



THE
GUARDIAN ANGEL;

And other Poems.

BY

33 CAROLINE M. CONGDON.



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Preface.

I scarcely know how I have been prevailed upon to submit my unskilled productions to the eye of the public. But so it is ; and although I am well aware, that my attempts at verse are weak and imperfect, I have some hope, that the knowledge of my slight age and helpless condition, will not be entirely powerless to shield me from criticism.

Begging the Critic, therefore, to spare my little book, and the tender-hearted Reader to drop a tear of sympathy for its afflicted Authoress, I close, by acknowledging my indebtedness to friends for preparing my manuscript for the Press : I could not do it myself, as I was obliged to write with a pencil.

C. M. C.

Sketch of the Authoress.

CAROLINE M. CONGDON, the writer of the following pages, is the youngest daughter of a poor widowed mother, who resides in Amber, in Otisco, Onondaga County, N. Y.

Being left fatherless while quite young, the care of her childhood devolved exclusively upon that maternal hand, which has labored, with no little success, to form the characters of her five children for stations of respectability and usefulness. The necessities of the passing day required the family to live frugally; and the children were taught, both by precept and example, to regard industry as a bright and shining virtue.

Caroline's health, however, had been delicate from infancy; and her educational advantages, beyond those enjoyed at her mother's fireside, were such as are furnished by a country district school. There she made good proficiency; and was hopefully looking forward to the time when she might drink at some deeper fount of learning beneath the Academic shades.

But, alas ! how uncertain are all our hopes ! In her fourteenth year, when her young heart beat highest, and her future looked most fair, Disease laid its heavy hand upon her, and she sunk beneath its weight ! Such is the nature of her affliction, that it renders her entirely helpless,—except the use of her hands,—and confines her constantly upon her back. In this sad condition she has lain, day and night, for many weary months, without even a pillow beneath her head ; and, owing to the unnatural heat of her system, unable to bear any covering but a sheet, and to have little or no fire in her room in coldest weather.

Thus deprived of health, and shut in from sweet communion with the things in Nature, she has given voice to the silent musings of her mind, in sweet poetic numbers.

She writes with a pencil, on a little frame which stands across her breast ; and so arranged with small wires passing horizontally across the under side, and fastened at each end, as to hold her paper, slipped in between the wires and the board, at an angle of about thirty degrees over her face :—thus making her writing-desk lean over her, instead of her over it.

Loaded with such disadvantages, kind Reader, she has composed the volume we now introduce to you ; which, in our opinion, not only displays the marks of a pure and lofty genius, but also furnishes one of the rarest examples of youthful industry and perseverance under difficulties, found on the records of Time.

Still calm, peaceful and serene, as a Summer morning, she lies without a murmur—without a word of complaint ! And

when first I visited her lowly couch, and saw her eye shining with such unearthly brightness, and listened to the rich and heavenly melody of her sweet voice, my soul became filled with the deepest emotions, and my sorrowing heart breathed the silent lamentation and prayer—

Oh, God ! why is *she* sought,
The brightest and the best,
The fairest one of youth,
To drink the bitter cup
Of sorrow, ere she dies !

Spare—spare thy chast'ning hand !
Unbend the "Archer's" bow !
Relieve her aching heart,
And cool her fever'd brow !
Remove that crimson'd flush !
Impart renewed strength,
'And raise this daughter up
To bless her race—O, God !—
If such may be thy will !

T. K. F.



Contents.



Sketch of the Authoress,	Page 5
Dedication,	9
The Guardian Angel,	15
Meane,	37
Memory,	69
To ———,	78
Let me Weep,	79
We Parted,	81
The Complaint,	83
Resignation,	86
Hymn,	88
A Paraphrase,	90
“ “	93
Sonnet,	95
The Dying Girl,	96
Herrmann,	102
Florence,	129
I am all Alone,	150
Hope,	152

The Star,	155
The Broken Heart's Request, . .	158
Dream,	160
Autumn,	161
To E. B.,	162
To N.,	165
There are No Flowers Now, . .	167
Catalepsy,	170
Returning Consciousness, . . .	171
To Mrs. B.,	172
Where shall be my last Resting-Place, .	174
On the Death of a Friend, . . .	176
To a Pressed Violet,	178
To a Gold Pencil,	179
The Poet's Heart,	180
O, Should I Die in Winter, . . .	181
Night,	184
Life,	185
My Dream of Death,	187
Angels,	247
My Country, Oh, my Country, . .	249

Dedication.

TO MY BROTHER GEORGE.

Brother, it has been long since last we met ;
And longer still, since first my languid form
Laid all its strength aside.

The maple then

Had just begun to bud ; the woods were dark,
And showed but little green. I did not think
That it would be so long, before I rose again
With strength renewed ; but as the days passed by,

And gave no sign of coming health, I sighed
One bitter sigh ; I felt one pang of heart,
And thought it hard that I might not go forth
To pluck the flowers of Spring. Then, with a smile
I left sad thoughts, and met the shafts of pain,
Submissive to my fate.

Hope cheered me still :—

I thought that Summer's beauty, more mature,
Would brighten soon the earth. I thought that
then

My heart would beat with newer life, and I
Should walk with light and vig'rous step again,
In all the paths I loved. But days passed on :
The fragrant orchard-blossoms drooped and fell,
And I grew weaker—almost unto death,
As Summer came.

The healer's power

Seemed idle ; and they thought to give me up
To join the pale-browed dead : yet 'twas not so :
Disease, awhile, seemed with some pity moved,
And with a lighter hand, though heavy still,
Oppressed.

I had a ling'ring wish, sometimes,
To see the waving woods: I missed the sight
Of all the greenness of our rugged hills,
And the pure beauty of the bright-waved lake,
Which nestled in their arms. It might not be ;
For when they raised me, all my willful blood
Would straight refuse to keep its wonted course,
And seek, with sudden flow, my throbbing heart,
Which vainly struggled to repress the tide ;
And in the quarrel, all my strength would die,
And leave me silent as the tongue of Death—
And cold, and white ; although my wakeful mind
Kept watch of all that passed.

But when you came,
My brother, from the land where sunset burns
With clearer light, I cared not for the smile
Which waning Summer cast upon the earth :
It was enough to have the one so loved
Bending above my couch : to hear the voice,
That dear remember'd voice, soothing my soul
With gentle words.

You staid not long with me :

The choking sigh, and the fond farewell word,
Burst sadly from our lips. You left me, then,
With the sad thought that we no more might meet.
To me, although a greater share of hope
Brightened that hour, it was a mournful scene,
And full of bitterness ; but it passed by,
Leaving not long its gloom to stain my heart.
Mild Autumn, with his crimson banner, came,
Rich with the gold of conquered Summer's wood,
Laden with tempting spoil of fruit and nuts
From bright-robed trees.

And, led by him, there came.
A troop of dark-browed storms and chilling rains,
Moved by the voice of solemn sounding winds,
Which made their midnight music on the earth ;
And I grew weary of the voice of storms,
And sunk to rest.

Strange sleep * my eyelids closed :
They would not open at the call of Day,
When from his prison-cell she drew the Sun,
And bade him walk the earth ; nor when the Night

* Referring to an attack of Catalepsy.

Grew black upon the hills, and storms arose
In might. Five days I wore the chain of sleep
Upon my soul ; and then my spirit rose,
And, all indignant, cast the yoke aside—
Scorning to yield itself to such mean hand.
And they, who stood around my bed, and saw
The signs of life returning once again,
Felt the deep thrill of joy, which those have felt
In ages gone, who mourned the shrouded dead,
And saw them rise and speak. I bowed my soul
In thankful and repentant prayer. I felt
The Spirit-dove of Peace folding its wings
Around my heart. I had not murmured much ;
But more, still more submissive now,
I kissed the rod.

It has been long since then,
My brother, and not yet I rise. My hand
Is feeble still. My forehead burns with heat
Unnatural. The crimson on my cheek,
Tells not of health. Disease enchains me still,
And gives me time for thoughts of many things
Gone by ; and old remembrances come fast

Upon my mind, making a genial light
In the dim halls of memory ; and oft
I call the recollections of the time,
When you were here, up from their hidden cells—
Most fondly pondering each remember'd word,
Each tender look, which made you doubly dear ;
For distance makes the bond between us two
Seem far more firm, by giving one deep touch
Of grief to stamp perfection on our love.
Therefore to you I dedicate the lines
My hand has feebly traced ; and well I know
That you will love the tribute that I give,
Because the impress of a sister's heart,
Glows warm upon each word.

The Guardian Angel.

PART FIRST.

Two forms were floating on the morning skies,
So bright, they ne'er might meet a mortal's eyes.
Angels were they, each wrapt within a cloud,
From earth's cold airs, their heavenly frames to
shroud.

A youthful cherub one, whose gentle face,
Though fair, bore no maturer beauty's trace ;
And those bright, dove-like wings, that graced his
form,

Seemed far too slight, to brave the whirling storm.
A wreath of jewels twined his flowing hair,
And flashed in beauty, round his forehead fair.
His robe that floated round in careless flow,
Was whiter than the newest fallen snow ;
And, in his gentle grasp, a harp was prest,
Whose strings were thrilled with music, though at
rest.

The other was of statelier mien and eye,
And there was something in his aspect high,
That told that he had seen, perchance, below
Had seen, though he had never suffered, woe.
His forehead by a glitt'ring crown was prest,
And golden stars were gleaming on his breast.
His glowing, sunset wings were large and free,
And far around him, threw a golden sea, —
A sea of purest light, whose gushing flow
Tinted the morning's purple clouds below.
And as they floated thus, all brightly still,
Gazing upon each vale, and lake, and hill,
In accents soft, the stately angel spake
With voice that bade the sweetest echoes wake :

“Oh, fallen, fallen Earth!” he murmured low,
“Thy sweetest bowers are stained with sin and woe.
Thou hast no smiling spot, however fair,
But *it* hath known the footprints of Despair.”

Then answered back the other spirit bright,
As earth, beneath him, smiled in morning light :
“Methinks this world is all too fair, too gay,
To bend beneath or sin or sorrow’s sway ;
But yet, I know that thou hast seen much more
On this same earth, than I. Thou’st tracked each
shore,
And wandered through each cold, and burning
clime,
And seen its haggard misery and crime,
And its mean pleasures. Tell me, then, of earth,
Where thou say’st naught but monster Crime hath
birth.”

“Nay,” quoth the other sprite, “I said not so ;
The world hath pleasures, too, as well as woe.
But they must have their mixture. There’s no joy
Of earthly nature, that hath not alloy.

I see that thou canst scarce believe the tale
Of sin on earth. Thou seest its flow'ry vale
In all its summer richness, bright and gay,
Beneath the rosy smile of op'ning day.
It is a lovely sight ; and made to bless ;
And (sin destroyed) all might be happiness.
But thou hast asked yet more of earth to know,
And I will tell a mournful tale, to show
How all its brightest hopes must faded lie,
And no true joy exist, but from On High.

“Seest thou yon cottage 'neath the purple hill,
By that blue lake, which lies so brightly still ;
And where those trees are waving, dark and high,
Their leafy branches, to the azure sky.
Beneath that cottage roof, once dwelt a pair
Of wedded hearts ; one prattling infant, fair,
Was their sole offspring ; and to guard that child,
To watch it when it wept, or when it smiled,
Was task of mine. I stood beside her bed,
Wafting bright visions round her dreaming head,
I watched her, when she smiled in childish play,
And when she wept, I charmed her tears away.

I whispered in her ear full many a thought,
With much of high, and holy meaning fraught.
I stood beside her, all unseen 'neath bowers
Where she was reveling 'mid birds and flowers ;
And often, when her calm and earnest eye,
Was gazing on the burning western sky,
Where the last tints of the departing day,
Were fading in the golden light away,
I whispered thoughts of heaven, and joy, and peace,
That, in her bosom, bade each passion cease.

“ Thus her calm years rolled peacefully away ;
Her young heart lit by Hope's enliv'ning ray ;
Till now, a maiden grown, so brightly fair,
She almost seemed a spirit of the air,
With richly waving tress, and beaming eye,
Which seemed to mirror back the azure sky,
With voice as sweet, as nightingale or thrush,
And cheek which vied with morning's rosy blush.

Nor did the gentle maiden ' blush unseen,'
For there were those who marked her graceful
mien,

Her fawn-like step, her modest, timid gaze ;
And oft, to her, were tuned love's tender lays ;
And oft the serenade upon the lake,
Bade echo o'er the moonlit surface wake ;
And then, her guileless heart grew sadly changed ;
From my fond teachings, soon she grew estranged ;
And soon, her mild and azure-tinted eye,
That seemed but made to gaze upon the sky,
Was bent to earth ; and oft the idle day,
In planning conquest new, was passed away.
But yet, ere long, e'en she had learned to love,
Not as the bright, pure angels do above,
But with the wild, and fearful love of earth,
That, all unquestioning its object's worth,
Pours forth its tide of tenderness so deep,
It lulls each weaker passion's voice to sleep.
Such is earth's love : in coldest hearts it lives,
Consuming more of pleasure, than it gives ;
As thou hast sometimes seen, perchance, on earth,
A frozen mount to liquid fire give birth.
Thus earthlings love. No other passion's sway,
Can turn love's fearful, lava tide away.

“And thus young Ava loved. Her yielding soul
Was vanquished by a single thought’s control ;
And he, she loved, was fair ; but oh, within,
His heart was full of foulest, darkest sin !
But yet, she loved him ; and her heart was blind,
For love can oft the proudest spirit bind.
And she could deem him true : she knew not how
Deceit could mar his pure, and lofty brow ;
Nor dwell within the brightness of his eye,
Or be companion of his bearing high.

“And thus, her love grew stronger, day by day,
Till it had borne all other thoughts away ;
And oft they walked together ’mid green bowers,
Holding sweet converse in those joyous hours ;
Now wand’ring by the sparkling streamlet’s edge,
Or culling wild flowers from the tangled hedge ;
Oft ling’ring till the moon, all cold and pale,
Spread o’er the sleeping earth her solemn veil :
And the fair evening star, so calmly bright,
Lit up the way, for the approaching night.
So joyously her moments sped away,

That scarce she marked each bright, retreating day
Save, sometimes, when I whispered low, 'Beware!
Seest thou no guilt beneath the surface fair?
Seest thou no thorns hid deep amid the bloom?
Beyond the gladsome light, no cloud of gloom?'
But, oft as thus I spoke, she spurned the thought,
(To her, with such ungen'rous meaning fraught,
That dared with warning, though so faint and dim,
To cast suspicion's faintest breath on him.
But yet, one eve, as nature sunk to rest,
And twilight blushing, linger'd in the west,
She sat beneath the poplar's shiv'ring bough,
And troubled thought pass'd o'er her mournful brow.
I saw one pearly tear-drop downward flow,
While thus she spake in murmurs sad and low:

“‘Why do I brood o'er mournful thoughts to-
night?

Why dimly gleams the sunset's golden light?
Why do such strangely rising shadows wake,
Upon the surface of the quiet lake?
Surely, these trees cast forth a mournful gloom,

As though they hid some deep, impending doom.
And a cold shiv'ring creeps through ev'ry bough,
Though I can feel no breezes playing now.
There is a storm-cloud, resting dark and still,
Upon the brow of yonder gloomy hill.
There is a shade in ev'ry gleam of light ;
And a strange mournfulness in all things bright.
But hence, ye foolish thoughts, O haste away !
In my unsaddened heart, ye may not stay.
Is not my Present full of joyous hours ?
Does not my Future glow with richest flow'rs ?
Hath he not, whom I love, knelt at my feet ?
Doth he not, oft, his fervent vows repeat ?
And then the maiden's faltering voice grew weak,
And love's bright hues grew deeper on her cheek ;
The tears that sparkled in her eyes grew bright,
Reflecting back the burning sunset's light,
That smiled upon her now, with richer glow,
Chasing the shadows from the lake below ;
And then, her heart grew lighter than before ;
And sad thoughts dared to cloud her brow no
more.

“The sunset’s light was fading fast away,
Scarce leaving foot-print of the summer’s day ;
The tall trees cast their shadows broad and far,
Beneath the light of evening’s holy star.
The crescent moon yet stole a rosy flush,
From the pale twilight’s last decaying blush.

“I saw young Ava standing ’neath the bow’r,
Where oft she stood, in moonlight’s holy hour.
Her lover, too, was standing at her side :
Their forms were pictured on the lake’s still tide.
I heard him whispering words of tender love,
Pure as the moonlight on the sky above.
And the warm words came forth with gentle flow,
As smoothly as the rippling lake below.
But soon his cheek grew flushed with passion’s
flame ;
He dared to whisper thoughts of darkest name.
I saw him, kneeling at the maiden’s feet,
Again, his vows of guilty love repeat.

“I gathered round the maid my shelt’ring wings,
A moan was ringing from my harp’s bright strings,

And in a warning voice I cried, 'Beware!
Hurl not thy tempted spirit to despair!
She heard me not. I saw her slender form
Weak as the reed, beneath the fearful storm.
On cheek or lip, there was no hue of life;
Her frenzied eye showed forth the soul's dark strife;
And from the lips, that looked so ghastly pale,
Her voice broke forth, sad as a lost one's wail.
'Oh Harold! it is hard, indeed, to know,
That from thy lips, such fearful words can flow.
Oh, I had ever deemed thee true, till now,
Nor knew that sin could mar so fair a brow!
But yet, without thy love, life were a curse;
And thought of sin or death, can scarce be worse.
But Oh! my fancy brought such golden dreams
Of future joy, and hope's resplendent beams—
Now, naught but future misery I see,
Yet, I give all, e'en hope of Heaven, for thee!'

"I heard those words of desperate despair,
And stretched my wings upon the spreading air,
Till far behind me rolled the earth's dark ball,

Still silent-bound by midnight's dusky thrall ;
Nor ceased I in that rapid upward flight,
Till Heaven above me rolled in dazzling light.



PART SECOND.

“Much time upon the rolling earth had passed,
Since I had seen its hills and valleys, last.
Again I sought its dim and cloudy shore,
Again to roam its rugged surface o’er.

And, not unmindful of that mortal's lot,
Who, though she spurned my voice, and heeded
not,
Was still my charge on earth—to her I came
For like employ, though she was not the same
As when in girlhood's innocence she smiled,
A joyous-hearted, and a happy child.
But now, there was strange luster in her eye,
That long had ceased to gaze upon the sky ;
And on her hollow cheek, there came and went
A crimson flush, from thoughts of anguish sent.
Upon her mournful brow were lines of care,
That stern Remorse had deeply written there.
And they, who gazed on her, might truly say,
That Reason's light had almost passed away.
And oft I saw her on the steep cliff's side,
Which overlooked the dark lake's angry tide ;
While midnight winds were howling cold and bleak,
The chill rain dashing on her hollow cheek—
And wildly rung her song of stern despair,
That echoed strangely from the dark rocks there.
Oh, thou hast never seen the human soul,

Lashed into frenzy, by Despair's control !
Thou ne'er hast seen the darkly-flashing eye,
Where untold depths of fearful anguish lie.
Thou ne'er hast seen the white lips wreath a smile,
When at the heart deep sorrow gnawed the while.
Yet, on this smiling earth, such beings dwell—
Their spirits bound by frenzy's fearful spell.
Such was deserted Ava. On her brow,
There was no trace of gentler feeling now ;
No hope, no fear, no wish was written there,
Naught, but the agony of black Despair.

“But where was he, who, from fair virtue's way,
Had lured her, who, before was bright and gay ?
Did not Remorse all darkly follow him,
Making his life a dream of shadows dim ?
Or was his life so foul, so dark with sin,
Remorse shrank back, nor dared to enter in ?

“Ah no ! for never in the human breast,
Where sin hath entered, and hath dared to rest,
Doth stern Remorse with all her gloomy train

Forbear to enter ; and with mem'ries vain
Bring back each fearful deed of former years,
Unheeding quite the guilty wretch's tears ;
Still lashing up the worn and shrinking soul,
Where deep the fearful mem'ries hidden roll ;
And still pursues through every festal scene,
Stamping its blasting seal upon his mien,
And its fierce lash, with every joy at strife,
Poisons each pleasure of its victim's life.

“Nor did the guilty-hearted Harold know
Exemption from earth's most unsparing woe :
Though far he sailed upon the dark blue wave,
Thinking to find for keen Remorse a grave ;
Or in some foreign land, or southern bowers,
Inhaling fragrance from a thousand flowers ;
Or wand'ring by its brightly flashing streams,
Striving to quite forget his past life's dreams ;
Or list'ning to some well-remembered strain,
Whose music woke to please, but gave him pain,
Or quaffing deeply of the goblet's wave,
Which, for a while, its sweet oblivion gave.

Still, still, full oft from his unquiet heart,
The olden memories would strangely start ;
And oft, when sleep its welcome rest had brought,
Giving slight respite from his troubled thought,
In his wild dreams, upon his 'wildered eyes,
A misty form, with smiling air, would rise ;
And he could see a well known image there,
A graceful form, and brow serenely fair.
That head was crowned with wreaths of richest
flowers,
Plucked by his hand from green and fragrant
bowers.

Upon that face, there sat a gentle smile,
And pleasure sparkled from those eyes, the while !
And, from those parted lips, a murmur came,
A voice of melody, that spoke his name.

“But now, a change comes o’er that gentle form,
The peaceful brow grows dark with passion’s storm,
That form is pale, transfixed like marble there,
Those dark blue eyes send forth a frenzied glare ;
Now, from those ghastly lips a murmur breaks,

And words of dark revenge the echo wakes ;
Till slow the dismal vision melts away,
And Night's dim thoughts dissolve before the day.

“Thus time passed on, till from that foreign strand,
He turns away to seek his native land :
And there was one, beside him, brightly fair,
Whom he had won in her young beauty there ;
With girl-like form, and deep and lustrous eyes,
One, who had dwelt beneath blue southern skies,
And who had left her flowery home for him,
To dwell mid paler flowers, and skies more dim ;
And sail with him upon the foaming tide,
To his own land, his fair, affianced bride.

PART THIRD.

“The moon’s white vail was floating broad and far,
And, from the sky, shone forth each twinkling star ;
And now fair Dian’s glory pale and cold,
Fell on a mansion, stately, dim, and old ;
And from its windows lights all redly gleamed,
Mocking the moon’s pale rays, which downward
streamed ;
And merry voices rung upon the air,
Showing that joy and revelry were there.
Within that mansion drooped bright wreaths of
flowers,
That oft had bent beneath the summer showers ;

Earth's gayest, brightest forms were moving there,
Young gentle ones, than those rich flowers more fair.
It was a bridal feast, and proudly now,
The bridegroom stands with calm, unmoving brow ;
And by his side—the guilty Harold's side—
That fair one stands, so soon to be his bride.
A step is heard : a stealthy step, and slow,
Disturbs the music's notes, so rich and low ;
A form intrudes upon the festal scene,
A woman's form, of pale and haggard mien ;
Around that pallid brow, which once was fair,
All unconfined, flows down the tangled hair ;
And from those marble lips, the wild tones flow,
As thus she speaks with voice of bitter woe ;
'Thou guilty one ! why art thou here to-night,
Amid these wreaths of flowers, and gleams of light
With her, whom thou hast won beyond the sea—
Thy lovely bride ? Hadst thou forgotten me ?
Didst thou not deem that I could find thee here ?
Well mayst thou stand and quake with idle fear !
Didst thou not know that I should be thy bride,
In place of her who trembles at thy side ?

False Harold ! why is not thine Ava's brow
As smooth as hers who loves thee fondly now ?
Why is not my worn cheek as pure and bright ?
Why beams not my sunk eye as pure a light ?
I once was fair as she ; but long ago
My form was dimmed with clouds of sin and woe ;
And thou, false-hearted wretch, wilt thou tell why
The roses fled my cheek, the light mine eye ?

“ ‘ O happy one ! three brides are waiting now,
To press the lip upon thy cowering brow ;
What ! dost thou shrink to hear again my voice ?
Or dost thou hesitate to fix thy choice ?
Each Fair that waits for thee, hath untold charms ;
Each waits to clasp thee in unshrinking arms :
I am the one—the other 's at thy side,
But Death, the last, the fairest, is thy bride ! ’
She ceased ; and ere one half-bewildered guest,
The gleaming dagger from her hand could wrest,
She raised it high, and with a fearful shriek,
That drove the blood from each fair maiden's cheek,
She plunged it in the guilty Harold's heart,

And laughed to see the crimson life-wave start ;
And then, before the shrinking guests could deem
That aught they saw was but a fearful dream,
She vanished lightly as the rushing air,
And left her guilty lover dying there ;
And where rich music's notes were heard to swell,
Was echoed back Death's stern, unwelcome knell.

“ So melt the fleeting joys that earth can give,
Such are the pleasures for which mortals live ;
But dost thou ask, if I no warning gave,
And spoke no word, from such dark crime to save ?
Ah yes ! but could an Angel's accents tame
The maddened soul, that burns with Frenzy's flame ?
No ! angel words could ne'er win back that soul,
That long had bowed 'neath frenzy's fierce control ;
But when that deed was done—ah ! then the light
Of banished reason smote her spirit's sight ;
And as she gently faded, day by day,
And slowly passed from this dark earth away,
She wept in sorrow for her wasted life,
And calmed, with tearful prayer, her spirit's strife.

Kind Heaven heard her meek, repentant prayer,
And waits, e'en now, to give her entrance there."

Thus spake the angel, as the closing day
Was passing o'er the western hills away ;
And through that humble cottage door they went,
While with their tuneful harps earth's music blent,
And from the wasted prison-house of clay,
They bore a soul, a deathless soul, away ;
And as the Sunset's dying rays from far,
Beheld the bright approach of Evening's star,
Three shining forms were on their way to Heaven,
For erring Ava was, at last, forgiven.

Wcane.

PART FIRST.

Night on the wild—and lone, and deep!—
The wind hath rocked the wave to sleep;
The wolf's stern howl is heard no more;
The dark canoe rests on the shore;
The stars gaze on the lonely scene,
Gleaming the forest boughs between;
Through the long aisles, all cold and white,
Glitters the pale moon's holy light;

And soft, and still, the light is shed,
And silence reigns as of the dead.
Yet list ! upon the glassy lake,
Doth some light oar the stillness break ?
Ah, swiftly there a small bark glides,
Flinging the white spray from its sides !
Who comes through pale moonlight and shade ?
'Tis Meame, the Indian maid.

The lone canoe hath reached the strand,
The dark maid springs upon the land ;
“ And am I here alone ? ” she cried,
“ The pale-face seeks me for his bride ;
Will he not come to meet me now ? ”
She flung the dark hair from her brow,
And through the forest's trackless maze,
Bent her bewildered, anxious gaze.
All still and statue-like she stood,
Bright as some spirit of the wood ;
And well her graceful form seemed made,
To rule the dark wood's leafy shade :
Such mien suits well the huntress wild,

Dark Wampaniog's fearless child.
And well that dark-eyed maiden knew,
To track the forest's mazes through ;
And well her arrow knew to bring
The wild-bird from its wanton wing ;
But now she loves ; and day by day,
As wastes her form with grief away,
The maid, all purposeless, doth roam
Far from her lonely wigwam home.
Oft dims with tears her weary eye ;
Her arrow oft forgets to fly ;
For well doth sad Meame know,
Her father is the white man's foe.

But now she starts—she hears a sound
Of dead leaves rustling on the ground ;
Her dark cheeks flush, her heart beats high,
She turns—a proud form meets her eye ;
It is her Ormond, her young brave,
Whom she hath sought for o'er the wave :
The summer sun hath browned his cheek,
That glows with thoughts too high to speak ;

But yet, his bright and curling hair
Waves o'er a brow, as woman's fair ;
And the quick glancing of his eye
Seems lightning from a cloudless sky.
But, ah ! why is young Ormond here,
In the lone forest, dim and drear ?
Hath he no friends, no sunny home,
Far o'er the blue wave's angry foam ?
Ah, yes ! his sad heart wanders back,
Oft, o'er the sea-wave's lonely track ;
But in his happy home, he heard
Of sunny climes, where soft winds stirred ;
Where dark and high, the forest trees
Swayed proudly in the gentle breeze ;
And his young heart, so warm and brave,
Sought wild adventure o'er the wave.
And then he left his sunny home,
In that bright, unknown land to roam ;
He left his sad-eyed mother there,
His father, with his silver hair ;
His sister, of the gentle eye,
With its calm azure like the sky ;

And each loved haunt his childhood knew,
The lake, the wood, the sky of blue,
The stream, the olden beech-tree's shade,
Where oft in infant glee he'd played,
And dearer far that vine-hung cot ;
Oh ! oft in after years, that spot—
The spot so gladly left behind,
In mem'ry's holy light enshrined—
Seemed present to his thoughtful hour,
Bowing his heart with mournful power.

Ah, yes ! from these he turned away—
His life untried, a summer's day—
Left all of these for that bright land,
To shape his course with his own hand ;
And oft as through the forest glade,
With thoughtful heart, and brow, he strayed,
He met, and learned to love erewhile
The Indian maiden's glance and smile.

That maiden's gentle, bird-like tone,
Made his sad heart feel less alone ;

And oft he'd wander by her side,
Beneath the shades of eventide ;
And as the maiden rapturous hung
Upon each murmur of his tongue,
He poured in her fond ear, a tale
Of love, of hope, which could not fail
To move stern Nature's simple child,
The meek-souled daughter of the wild.
Ah yes, they loved, and loved full well ;
Their warm hearts glow'd beneath the spell ;
And deep, and high, that love's first joy
Swelled their young hearts without alloy.
What though she were of different race,
Of other tongue, of dusky face,—
What though her father was his foe !
He loved her voice, so soft and low ;
He loved her dark eye's gentle glance ;
He loved her light foot's bounding dance ;
Her tall, slight form, her dark cheek's flush,
More rich than fairer maiden's blush ;
Nor only these, but all combined
With the meek beauty of her mind.

And there, by that bright lake, they stood,
Bathed in the moonlight's silver flood ;
He, whispering words of love, that hour,
To her, the wild-wood's fairest flower.
He spoke of bright home far away,
Of vernal skies, and song-birds gay,
Of flower-wreathed cot, where they might dwell,
With none to break Love's joyous spell :
And when the last low echo died,
The sad Meame thus replied :

“ Brave Ormond, how can I thus go ?
E'en though my father is thy foe,
I may not leave him thus alone ;
Would he not miss his daughter's tone ?
Would not his aged eyes grow dim ?
Ormond, I would leave all but him !
There was a time Wampaniog's brow
Was not so dark, so stern as now :
He called me, then, his own loved child,
The fairest flow'ret of the wild ;
And now, perchance, he yet may learn,
To be less proud, less harsh and stern.”

They parted—but ere his bright head,
Through the dark forest paths had sped,
She turned her to his parting track,
And with sad voice she called him back.
She spoke, and then her gentle tone
Breathed sadly as the Night wind's moan :
“ Last night, before the moon had set,
My father's braves in council met ;
The council-fire burned bright and high,
Yet fiercer far each warrior's eye ;
And then with solemn voice and slow,
They sung the death-song of the foe ;
And then they swore the white man's blood,
Should mingle in one dark, red flood.
Brave Ormond, when the Night-fires dance
Beneath the pale moon's gentle glance,
Watch for the sound of war and strife,—
My father seeks the white man's life.”

The swift canoe is gliding now,
From 'neath the oak's o'erhanging bough ;
And on the shores of that bright lake,

To soft low tones the echoes wake :
It is Meame's mournful song,
Faint on the night breeze borne along.

SONG.



There came a brave hunter
From over the sea ;
Well loves he Meame,
He loves only me.

Oh, brave is my hunter,
His low voice is sweet !
Oft I wait for his footsteps,
My coming to greet.

Oh, young is the pale-face,
And hardy, and brave !
And he talks of bright flowers
Far over the wave.

But woe to Meame !

She looks o'er the wave ;

But her dark chieftain father—

He hates the young brave.

PART SECOND.

Morn, rosy morn awakes in light,
Upon a scene as Eden bright ;
The golden sun with peaceful ray,
Gleams on the Autumn woodlands gay ;
The light wind stirs the yellow trees ;
The crimson maple courts the breeze ;
From the rich hues that 'round it shine,
Stately and tall, looms up the pine ;

While here and there, with sober frown,
Rises some lofty tree of brown:
The bright lake seems a sea of pearls,
As to the fresh'ning breeze it curls;
The wild bird hath begun its lay,
To usher in the rising day.

But where is sad Meame now?
Roams she beneath the forest bough?
Or doth she bend the fearless bow,
To lay the bright winged song-bird low?
Plucks she the flow'rets by the rill,
Which Autumn frosts have failed to kill?
Ah no! in vain the pale flowers rise
To press her hand, or fix her eyes;
The bird, on careless wing flies low,
Nor needs to fear Meame's bow.

Her heart is sad, and wrung, and sore;
She kneels her by her wigwam door,
Before her chieftain father's form,
And strives to quell his inward storm;

But proudly strides that chieftain there—
The bright plumes in his long black hair—
The war-paint on his dusky face,
That knows but one dark passion's trace:—
“My father,” said the maid, and slow
Came forth the accents of her woe :
“Does thy Meame plead in vain ?
Wilt thou not heed this burning rain—
These tears that fall for thee, my sire ?
Oh, turn not from me thus in ire !
For on my fearful heart, I know,
Glooms the dark shade of future woe.”
“Hence, simple child !” the warrior cried ;
“Think'st thou I fear the pale man's pride ?
Have I not borne enough of wrong ?
Yes ! I have borne too much, too long !
By the Great Spirit, now I swear,
The dog shall perish in his lair !
His scalp shall grace the hunter's belt ;
The red man's vengeance shall be felt !”

He goes ; and now around him glide,

Stately and tall, dark forms of pride ;
Round him they come with noiseless tread—
Unbent each form, unbowed each head ;
From forest paths all dark and dim,
Come the brave warriors tall and grim.
And now, upon the peaceful lake,
Their plying oars the echoes wake ;
And now the war-song, loud and shrill,
Is echoed back from wood and hill,
And from the vaulted azure sky,
Until the low deep murmurs die.

SONG.



“Brothers ! the time of revenge is come ;
And red blood shall flow like rain ;
The pale coward shall bleed in his home,
And his prayers shall be in vain.

“Their children shall weep at the sound of strife,
And their wives turn pale for fear ;

But we will not heed their prayers for life,
Nor be moved by a woman's tear.

“Our wrongs shall be wiped in that blood away—
The blood of the coward white;
They shall fall ere the close of another day,
Before the red warrior's might.”

The murmurs of the song are o'er;
They reach at last the farther shore;
And now into the forest wide,
With stealthy step the tall forms glide:
Still onward, 'neath the fervid glow
That noontide sunbeams downward throw;
And when its heat hath passed away,
And cooler breezes 'round them play,
Still onward press they, till the night
Obscures the day's departing light.
There is no murmur of a breeze,
Stirring the Autumn-tinted trees;
There is no rustle of a leaf—
The pause is deep, it shall be brief.

Why does the light wind cease its breath?
Fears it some scene of blood and death?
Why does the Chieftain bend him low?
Hears he some sound of coming foe?
What sound hath caught his list'ning ear?
Surely, the red man knows no fear!
What sight hath fixed the warrior's eye
That gleams with fiercer light on high?
What gives his brow a darker shade?
Say, is the hunter Chief betrayed?

What sound is that, so wild and clear,
Makes the stern forest quake with fear?
And rises, yet more wild and high,
As if 't would rend the shrinking sky?
It is the war-whoop, echoing still
From the dim wood and cliff-crowned hill!
And when that dreadful sound is done,
'Tis answered by the white man's gun!
But ere that fire again may boom
Upon the forest's deep'ning gloom,
Wampaniog's unshrinking band
Engage the warfare, hand to hand!

And now the scalp-yell louder rings
Upon the night wind's rushing wings;
Yet fiercer rises now the cry,
And proud forms bleed, and brave men die;
And with a pale and sickly gleam,
The moon sends down its quiv'ring beam
Upon those wild dark forms, which seem
The phantoms of some dreadful dream.

But where is brave Wampaniog now?
Is fear upon his lofty brow?
And doth he turn his piercing eye
From the stern combat raging nigh?
Ah no! how can his cheek turn pale?
How can his fierce eye, flinching, quail?
Oh see him fiercely struggling now—
Revenge upon his dark'ning brow—
With yonder brave young soldier there!
His dark hand in the pale bright hair:—
Flashes his dark and piercing eye;
His tomahawk is lifted high;
But ere the white man's blood is poured,
His side hath sheathed the soldier's sword.

PART THIRD.

Another morn, another day
Hath passed in golden light away ;
And now the sunset's glowing beams
Are mirrored back from dancing streams ;
And, gazing on the woodland there,
We see another sunset fair ;
Where the rich crimson and the gold,
Like sheets of living flame unfold.

Meame gazes sadly now,
With flushing check, and burning brow,

Through the long aisles of forest trees—
Her dark hair flung upon the breeze :
Her fond dark eye is full of tears, —
Her heart more full of anxious fears.
Why gazes sad Meame there ?
Why heeds she not the sunset fair ?
Why stands she on the lonely shore,
Scanning its rippling surface o'er ?

But list ! she gives a joyous cry ;—
A deeper lustre fills her eye ;
She sees a lonely, dark canoe
Gliding upon the waters blue,—
Another, 't is the Red-men's track,
Bearing their wounded Chieftain back.

The lone canoes have reached the strand ;
The warrior's feet have pressed the land :
She sees her Chieftain father's form—
Once dread as lightning in the storm,—
She sees him fall upon the ground,
Amid the few stern warriors round ;

She sees the dark and purple tide
Gush from his deeply heaving side ;
She gives one wild, one piercing shriek !—
The blood hath left her pallid cheek ;
Then kneels she by the fallen chief,
And cries, in tones of wildest grief,
“ My Chief ! my father ! say ! whose sword
Hath thus thy ebbing life-blood poured ?—
Oh, cursed forever be the foe,
Whose arm hath thus laid thee so low ! ”
She ceased :—the wavelets at her feet,
Seemed her wild anger to repeat ;
And then her father’s once proud tone
Thus sadly answered back her own :
“ Meame, to the Spirit-land I go !
And yet, no shaft hath pierced the foe ;
Oh ! can my spirit rest in peace,
Ere yet my murd’rer’s life shall cease ?
And can I meet my fathers there,
In the Great Spirit’s home so fair,
And say not one of all my race,
Will weep Wampaniog’s lone place ?

Not one to bend the fearless bow,
To lay the coward pale-face low?"

The maid half rose—her tears were dry ;—
Quick flashed her dark and piercing eye ;—
“ Wampaniog ! thou shalt not be
Forgot or unavenged, by me !
E'en though I have a woman's soul,
Oft stern the thoughts that o'er it roll ;
Am I not strong to bend the bow,
To lay the elk and wild deer low ?—
I swear by earth, and sun, and sky,
That he who struck the blow shall die !”

Then gazed Wampaniog, and smiled
On her, his brave and fearless child.
“ Meame,” then the Chieftain said,
“ When in the forest path we bled,
My arm was strong, my heart was brave,—
I thought not thus to find a grave !
But when I struggled fiercely there,
With a pale soldier, young and fair,

My arm grew weak, and then the foe
Aimed at my side, this fatal blow ;
But ere I pressed the bloody ground,
I opened, on his brow, a wound ;
Then freely gushed the red blood there,
Drenching his woman's brow and hair :—
This be thy mark, thus shalt thou know
On whom to bend the fearless bow :
But swear again that thou wilt be
Death to the foe whose arm slew me !”
Then knelt the maiden on the sands,
And swore again, and clasped her hands !

Yet brighter flashed the Chieftain's eye,
From 'neath his brow so dark and high ;
Then slowly dimm'd that lightning glare,
As wild he gazed around him there ;
And quick he drew his parting breath,
And struggled in the arms of Death ;
Half raised his stately head ; and then,
Slowly it settled back again.
And o'er his brow there came a change—

'Twas fearfully, and darkly strange :—
And there he lay, cold, cold and dead—
The wet sands 'neath his dark plumed head.

Still, stood Meame there to gaze,
Beneath the wan moon's tender rays ;
Then, quickly, o'er her changing soul,
Swept the wild thoughts beyond control :
She thought of dark and dreadful deed,
Of foe, that by her hand must bleed :
Quicker her bounding pulses beat
Than the vexed wavelets at her feet ;
And then, a strange and dreadful fear
Checked each deep sigh, and bursting tear ;
And thoughts, she bade in vain depart,
Pressed to her quickly-throbbing heart ;
And to her hot and fevered brain,
Rushed Fancy's wildly-whirling train ;
And on her Spirit's aching sight,
There rose a vision pale and bright,—
A livid brow with fair curls 'round,
Shading a deep and ghastly wound :

And from that brow the gory flood
Drenched the bright hair in crimson blood ;
And more distinct that vision came,
Till a cold shudder chilled her frame.
Yet still she gazed, she knew not why,
And strove in vain to turn her eye,
Still saw that form, that ghastly wound,
But heeded not the dark forms 'round ;
Nor knew they bore the Chief away,
Nor saw the first faint streak of day,
Until the sun burst forth in light,
To chase the dreams of dusky night.

PART FOURTH.

It is the glorious Sunset's hour ;—
All Nature owns its soothing power ;
Low lies the stately Chieftain's head ;
His form hath pressed his last dark bed ;
And by him, in that bed so low,
Rest his swift arrows and his bow ;
His tomahawk is by his side,
That oft hath drunk the crimson tide :
And now, upon the gentle breeze,
Moaning in sorrow through the trees,
A requiem is heard to float :

And now, each wild and mournful note
Is echoing from rock and hill,
From the dark valleys lone and still ;
And now, with yet more gentle play,
Dies into silence far away.

SONG.



“ As the tall oak falls in the wood,
So fell our brave Chieftain low !
So proudly and darkly he stood,
Till he fell before the foe !
Oft we saw his form
In the battle storm,
Like the lightning in the swift blast !
But now far away
To the land of day,
To the Spirit-land he hath passed !

“ As a bright star falls from the sky,
So now hath fallen our Chief !

All darkly and low doth he lie,
And we yield our souls to grief !
Oft we saw his form, &c.

“ Our brave hunters are now but few ;—
Who shall fill our Chieftain’s place !
His arm was strong, his heart was true,
He was bravest of his race !
Oft we saw his form, &c.

“ He hath gone to the Spirit-land ;
His fathers will meet him there !
They will clasp the brave hunter’s hand,
In the Great Spirit’s home so fair !
Oft we saw his form, &c.”

The mournful dirge hath died away
With the last hues of setting day ;
And one by one, each twinkling star
Wakes in the deep blue sky, afar ;
And now the crescent moon’s pale light

Shines on the forest's dark'ning night ;
And sadly now its beams are shed
Upon the low and silent dead.
A form is gliding slowly now,
Beneath the forest's tangled bough ;—
It is Meame's form of gloom,
Before her Chieftain father's tomb ;
It is Meame's brilliant eye,
Gazing upon the tranquil sky.
And now, with aimless step of grief,
She leaves the dark grave of the Chief ;
And through the lone wood wanders now,—
The cool winds 'round her burning brow,
Soothing her wild and throbbing brain,
But not her sad heart's fev'rish pain ;
Still onward, with a footstep slow,
Beneath the burthen of her woe.
But now she quickly turns her eye—
She starts!—was that a stifled sigh
That burst upon her list'ning ear,
Bidding her heart beat wild with fear ?
Ah no ! it was the cold night breeze

That swept through the tall forest trees ;
But now she turns the lone path's curve—
Why strains each wildly quiv'ring nerve ?
What sees she ? what strange, dreadful sight
Hath caught her eye in that pale light ?
Her brow is cold ; fixed is her glance ;
She gazes as in some dread trance !

'Neath yon tall oak a stranger stands,
His face half covered with his hands ;
And on his brow a ghastly wound,
Vainly, to stop the blood, is bound :
Still flows the trickling crimson there,
Beneath his brightly clust'ring hair.
It is, it is her father's foe,
On whom she swore to bend the bow !
Why backward shrinks the trembling maid ?
Why o'er her dark brow comes a shade ?
What ! is brave Wampaniog's child
Grown thus with coward fear so wild ?

She starts !—she breaks the fearful spell !—
She draws her bow, oft drawn so well !

She fixes now the arrow bold,
Though in each vein the blood turns cold!
She draws the string! she aims the dart
Full at the pale young stranger's heart!
But see! he raises now his head,
Ere yet the fatal shaft hath sped!—
She shrieks!—and Oh, that fearful shriek!
The curdling blood hath left her cheek;
Her hand sinks nerveless from the string,
Giving the deadly arrow wing!

That fatal shaft hath reached his heart;
The blood wells forth with sudden start,
Then gurgles from the fearful wound,
Tinging the white frost on the ground;—
He falls! and now his manly head
Makes the damp earth its dying bed.
With his last glance of wild despair,
He sees Meame standing there:—
“Meame, say! was it thy bow
Which laid thy hapless love so low?”

She answers not ; but wildly there,
She gazes on the vacant air ;
Then, leaning forward her slight frame,
She breathes her Love's, her Ormond's name.
He hears it not :—that fearful moan
Blends sadly with his dying groan.

The morning smiles, all bright and still,
On Autumn forest, vale and hill ;
And on the bright lake's rippling tide
A slight canoe is seen to glide ;
And with a wild and frenzied eye,
Gazing up to the redd'ning sky,
Meame stands, all proudly there ;—
Floats on the breeze her raven hair ;
And now is heard her mournful song,
Borne on the morning breeze along.

SONG.

“I go ! I go !
To hide my woe

'Neath the darkly rolling wave !

My weary breast

Shall there find rest,

In the cold and lonely grave.

“ I shall not weep !

When low I sleep

'Neath the darkly rolling wave !

For there is peace,

When life shall cease,

In the cold and lonely grave.

“ Gladly I go !

My home is low

'Neath the darkly rolling wave !

There I shall be

From sorrow free,

In the cold and lonely grave.

“ My love is dead !

He quickly sped

To the home of the true and brave !

That land is fair :—
I shall rest there,
Far beyond the lonely grave.”

And now the song is heard no more,
To echo from the lonely shore ;
A moment there she wildly stands—
With frenzied motion waves her hands,
Then plunges 'neath the glancing wave
To find her low and quiet grave.
A moment now her raven hair
Floats on the restless waters there,—
It sinks, and now is seen no more ;
The bright wave ripples softly o'er,
And many a lone canoe shall glide
Upon the fair lake's silver tide ;
But thou, Meame ! thou shalt rest
In thy cold grave, with quiet breast.

Memory.

Oh Memory! with thine earnest gaze
Turned mournfully on other days,
Bring back the scenes which are no more,
And let me read their tracery o'er!
Bring back the dark o'ershadowing wood,
That round my old home proudly stood;
The silv'ry brook, the murm'ring breeze,
Making sweet music through the trees;
The lone nook where the violets grew,

And wild rose of such lovely hue !
For never now, my cheek to lave,
Such shining brooklet curls its wave ;
And wand'ring breezes, never now
Fan with such gentle touch my brow ;
And other flowers, however fair,
Breathe not such fragrance on the air.

The Sunset too ! I see it still,
Bathing in purple flood the hill ;
Or flashing now with crimson glow,
Upon the bright still lake below.
Oh ! are there other sunsets fair,
As those which seemed so radiant there ?
And shone there ever stars so bright,
As round that lone hill's rugged height ?
Oh ! doth the rainbow's lovely form
Bend o'er it brightly through the storm ?
And doth the climbing forest vine
Still round the old oak greenly twine ?
And do the pale, wild flow'rets bloom,
To cheer the forest's leafy gloom ?

Or squirrel, 'neath the chestnut shade,
Start at the sound himself hath made?
And can it be that Spring-time still
Wakes the bright birds and glancing rill?
That Summer suns and gentle showers
Fall brightly on those smiling flowers?
That Autumn, in his rich array,
Makes the dim woodlands still look gay?
His glowing dyes around him cast,
And all his pomp—too bright to last?

Oh Autumn! at thy coming, still,
My heart roams back to that loved hill;
And clinging there awhile in pain,
Mourns for the friends it loved in vain.
And I can see the eyes—the hair—
Of one who died in Autumn there;
Who faded with the fading flowers,
Ere grief had dimmed her childhood hours;—
Her, whose light step, in field or dell,
Awoke no echo as it fell.
Oh! still I see her dark brown hair

Braided around her forehead fair ;
And musing, oft I hear her song
Faint swelling on the wind along :—
She was beloved ; and fell asleep ;—
'T was well—ere she had learned to weep.

And there were friends, now far away
Where vernal skies are blue and gay,
Where Spring-time ever sheds her flowers,
And glorious song-birds wing the hours.
Oh ! do their hearts rove back again
To the familiar, green old glen,
Where the small wild-bird's plaintive lay
Hastened the long bright hours away ?
Tire they now of their southern bowers,
That mock their hearts with gorgeous flowers ?
Long they now for the deep green dell,
Whose quiet haunts they loved so well ?
From bright founts do they turn away,
Rememb'ring still the small stream's play ?
With spicy breezes round them, still
Long for the winds which swept that hill ?

Or, in that warmer, summer clime,
Do they forget the "olden time?"
Yet Oh! in the still, solemn night,
When stars look forth serenely bright,
Doth not the pale moon's silent ray
Speak of the friends so far away?
And when the streamlet's murm'ring sound
Echoes from flow'ry banks around,
And when the gently sighing breeze
Whispers in sorrow through the trees,
Doth not the sweet, sad music's swell,
Still speak to them the word—"Farewell!"

Ah yes, it must, it must be so!
By my own mournful heart I know,
By all those mem'ries thronging round,
Starting at some familiar sound—
The sound of some sweet voice gone by,
That from my sad heart wrings the sigh,—
By all the loneliness I feel,
When back—far back, my thoughts do steal
To childhood, with its happy hours,

That mid gay birds and sunny flowers,
And leafy boughs and dancing streams,
Knew naught of life, save happy dreams.

Oh Childhood ! Mem'ry hath no power
To dim for thee one glowing hour ;
To turn away the longing eye
From th' glory of its present sky ;
And backward turn the wishful gaze
To joys of long departed days !

Oh Memory ! whence is thy power,
Thou Ruler of the vanished hour ?
Why dost Thou dwell with each sad heart,—
Bidding the wild, sweet visions start,
And making, with thine earnest tone,
Its loneliness seem more alone ?

Why dost Thou with the guilty stand,—
Pointing with dim and shadowy hand
To each wild deed of other years,—
Filling his soul with nameless fears,

And leading him far, far away,
To his own childhood bright and gay,
And by the vision pictured there
Trace his dark soul with wild despair?

Why dost Thou with the exile roam,—
Making each sound still speak of home,—
Turning what might be joy to woe,
With thy deep voice so sad and low,—
Making each face in thy strange light
Seem so like those far from his sight?

Why dost Thou with the captive dwell,—
Binding his thoughts with magic spell,
And, with the dungeon walls around—
Barring from him all sight or sound,—
Still picture, to his weary eye,
Dark leafy branches waving high,
And bright blue sky, and stream, whose voice
Could once make e'en his heart rejoice,
And the low cottage of his birth,
Dearer to him than halls of mirth?

Oh ! he was happy once ; but now—
And darker shades flit o'er his brow.
Oh Memory ! it was but Thee,
Making him think that he was free !
And darker seem the walls around,
More strong the chain by which he 's bound.

And Memory, Thou mak'st thy home
Upon the dark blue Ocean's foam,
E'en with the sailor on the sea,
Where tempests riot wild and free,
Where mad waves rise, and billows swell,—
E'en he of thy strange power can tell !
Thou tell'st him of his home afar,—
Lighting within his heart a star,—
And chasing then that light so fair,
Looms up the form of black Despair !
There, with the wild sea's angry moan,
E'en there, is heard thy sadd'ning tone ;
There, every where with thoughts of pain,
Oh Memory, Thou dost ever reign !
Yet, for the voices sad and low,

That I again may never know ;
And for the faces mild and sweet,
That I again may never meet ;
For thy sweet pictures dimly bright,
That made my childhood's pathway light ;
For thy sweet tales of days gone by,
Still I must love Thee, Memory !

Sonnet.

Oft, as I strive to pierce the Future's maze,
And read the mystic words that mark its book,
My spirit faints within me, as I look,
To see all dark and intricate its ways,
Unlit by naught, save Hope's deceiving rays :
And I repent the glance I rashly took,
And fain would sink into the Grave's dark nook,
And turn away from life my weary gaze ;
But when such thoughts, upon my spirit roll,
There comes a whisper of sweet joy and peace,
That gently bids my vain repining cease ;
And sheds serenely o'er my troubled soul,
Calm, holy thoughts, with hues of heaven so
bright,—
Which come in beauty, from "The book of light!"

Let me Weep.

Let me weep ! ye know not why
The tear is starting from mine eye ;
But sorrow broods around me now,
That clouds my heart, and clouds my brow ;
And the warm tears gush thick and fast,
For I am thinking of the Past—
Thinking those thoughts that will not sleep,—
Leave me alone, then, let me weep !

Ah ! even now I seem to see
Those loving faces far from me ;
And even now I seem to hear
Those merry tones fall on my ear ;
But ah ! those friends I'll see no more—

Those friends I loved so much of yore :
Oh chide not then the rising sigh,
And bid me not my tears to dry !

Think not, no love to you I bear ;
But Oh, such friends as loved me there !—
I well believe that ye are true,
But yet, almost untried and new ;
Then let me think on years gone by,
Of forms, that in the church-yard lie ;
Oh, let me those sad mem'ries keep,
Leave me alone, and let me weep !

A little while, and I shall go
To the dark tomb, which all must know ;
Oh, let the willow lightly wave
Above my head, above my grave !
And let the gale blow softly o'er,
That I may hear its voice no more ;
Then in my lonely grave and deep,
I'll be alone, yet not to weep !

We Parted.

We parted ; and 't was long,—Oh, long ago !
Yet thoughts of her upon my heart will throw
A gleam of light, where often sadly flow
 The memories of days gone by.
Oh ! I have changed since then, and found new
 friends ;
But oft with other thoughts her memory blends,
And a deep thrill o'er all my spirit sends,
 Stirring the thoughts which hidden lie.

Oh ! fain would I pass back o'er each long year,
Whose changes from mine eye, have called the tear,
And placed pale flowers upon Hope's lonely bier,
 Since when I met her last.

Then life's bright way for me was fresh and green ;
But slow have passed the lagging years between,
And joy and sorrow both, my soul hath seen,
 Since that sad time hath passed.

I still remember her ;—and can it be
That she, whom I in fancy often see,
From her warm heart calls up no thoughts of me,
 With other, brighter dreams to blend ?
It may be so ; yet in her gentle heart,
I fondly hope that mem'ries sometimes start,
Which call up thoughts of me, ere they depart,
 And to her mind my image send.

The Complaint.

Doth the morn wake in beauty, while I lie,
Weary and weak, shut from the redd'ning sky ?
And from the purple hills, when warm and bright,
The new day crowns them with its flushing light ?
Yes, it is morning ; by the lonely ray
That through my window steals, I know 'tis day ;
But yet, I hear no bird-notes on the air,
I see no dew-drops flash from flow'rets fair,
I feel no freshness of the morning breeze,
I see no leaflets dancing on the trees ;

Yet this is morn for me, whose life's young Spring
Should be as joyous as the lark's free wing,
Whose light foot bounding as the meadow stream,
Whose life's reality, a poet's dream.

The day glides on: noontide is o'er the earth;
I hear a mingled sound, the shout of mirth,
The hum of toil: more brightly now are shed,—
Yet chastened still,—the sunbeams round my head;
Oh well I know that, now the golden day
Floods lake, and hill, and woodland far away;
And I rest sadly here: yes, brightly now,
The sunlight should have rested on my brow;
But yet I may not weep: the burning rain
Hath long been dried by wild and fevered pain.

Day hath departed: 't is the twilight hour,
The Sunset's time: hushed by a soothing power,
All nature sinks to deep and quiet rest;
The red hues of the glorious, burning west,
Still cling to earth: they gently linger still
To bid adieu to fount, and stream, and hill;

But I see not the glorious sunset now—
Only its *shadows* flit across my brow.

Night, with all her stars! the glorious Night!—
The Moon sends down her full and solemn light,
And brightly, 'round her silver-curtained car,
Walks forth in beauty ev'ry twinkling star:
Yet I may not go forth: my weary eye
May not gaze up unto the dark blue sky:
Still, still I lie upon a couch of pain,
Wild forms of fancy filling up my brain;
And strange and misty shapes are flitting 'round
In the deep silence, broken by no sound.

The following lines were suggested by the remark of a friend, indicating that he did not understand the cause of his remarkable cheerfulness.

Can there be one who thinks the couch of pain
Easy, because the lips do not complain ?
Because the gushing tear-drop dare not flow,
When from the drooping lid it fain would go ?
Oh, *can* he think the rosy blush of morn,
With all its glowing hues, a thing to scorn ?
Doth *he* not gaze,—when first the op'ning day
Drives the dim shades of misty night away
Upon the floating clouds, that seem *too* bright
To wrap this earth in their fair fleecy light ?

Oh, can he think that, then my heart stands still,
In meek obedience to the changeless will ?
Nor quicker throbs, when Sunset's golden flush
Bathes the dark earth, which answers back the blush ?
And the deep redd'ning tints that brightly glow,
Are mirrored from the hill-bound lake below ?

This he can think ; but Oh, I have a heart,
And from its fountains deep old mem'ries start ;
Mem'ries of sunshine, and of health, which seem
Almost like some sweet, half-forgotten dream ;
Yes, in the sadness of my pensive hours,
Steal thoughts of bright blue streams, and fragrant
flow'rs :

Oh, these are pleasant things of "long ago,"
And well might now the silent tear-drop flow ;
But oft there comes "a still voice" from above,
A voice which saith, "thy chast'ning is in love ;"
And my hushed heart, from sad complainings won,
In softened murmur says, "Thy will be done."

Hymn.

Oh Jesus ! shall my humble lyre,
In rapturous praise, to Thee aspire,—
When round thy throne, the Heav'nly choir
Bow down to give Thee praise ?

Oh ! canst Thou list'ning turn thine ear,
My harp's faint swelling strains to hear ?
And dost Thou mark the falling tear,
That gushes with the song ?

Then wake, my harp ! nor wake in vain ;
Give forth one sweetly echoing strain,

Stirring the thoughts which long have lain
All silent in my soul.

Yes, wake, my harp ! too silent long ;
Pour forth the deep, the thankful song,
That, borne on angels' wings along,
At last, shall reach His throne.

My harp ! and art thou silent still ?
Canst thou not with His praises thrill,
Whose boundless love my heart can fill
With thoughts too long unknown ?

Then sleep ! the soul that bids thee pour
The voice of song forever more,
When life's quick fading dream is o'er,
Shall give forth deathless praise.

“Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth,
while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when
thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.”—Eccles. xii. 1.

When life's fair roses brightly glow,
Upon thy warm and youthful cheek,
When pleasure's fountains brightly flow,
And sorrow's voice for thee is weak,—
Then, that thy pleasure be without alloy,
And storm-clouds come not o'er thy visions bright,
Look upward to the Giver of all joy,
Look up! remember thou the God of light.

Yes, look thou upward unto Him
Who ever guards thee on thy way;

Thy pleasure's ending may be dim,
Thy fleeting joys may pass away ;
But if thy Faith be anchored strong and fast,
Thou need'st not fear the raging storm of grief ;
Thou hast a joy that will forever last,
The bright'ner of thy hope, thy care's relief.

Yes, look thou up when life is fair,
When youth is on thy smiling brow,
Ere thou the blight of age shalt wear,
A blight which does not mar thee now ;
Remember Him who made thy life so bright,
Who bids thee drink from joy's bright, sparkling
stream ;
Turn not thy visions fair, to gloomy night,
Thy future pleasures, to an empty dream.

Ah yes ! remember Him who gave
To thee so fair an op'ning sky,
Turn thou and drink the living wave
Ere age shall dim thy sparkling eye ;
Remember ! ere thy thin and silver hair

Shall float around a sad and wrinkled brow ;
Ere life to thee shall seem no longer fair,
And earthly hope shall cheer no more as now.

Ere yet thy bending form shall fade,
Ere yet thy sight grow faint and dim,
Ere all thou seest be wrapped in shade,
Remember, Oh, remember Him !
Ere yet thy strength shall die and pass away,
And shadows meet thy dull and faded gaze,
And thou in bitterness of heart shalt say,
“ I have no pleasure in these evil days.”

Then look thou up, when life's young day
Is crowned with wreaths of richest bloom ;
Then thou in peace shalt pass away,
And find sweet rest within thy tomb ;
Remember ! then, ere life's deep, gushing spring
Be choked by spreading weeds of sin and woe ;
Then shalt thou be remembered by thy King,
And drink where life's pure rivers ever flow.

“Then took he him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said, ‘Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.’”—
St. Luke, ii. 28, 29.

The old man, with his silver hair,
 Stands with a thoughtful brow ;
Pressing an infant, meek and fair,
 Close to his bosom now.

Long had he waited for this day,—
 Long, slowly-moving years ;
Yet each one as it passed away,
 Left not its doubts or fears.

He prayed with Faith's untiring voice,
That, ere he sunk to dust,
God would his waiting soul rejoice,
And bless him for his trust.

And now the joyful tears fall fast
Adown his aged cheeks ;
And, with the holy infant clasped
Close in his arms, he speaks :

“ Lord, I have seen thy ‘ Holy One,’
“ And pressed him to my heart,—
“ Thy well-belov'd and only Son,
“ Lord, I in peace depart !”

Sonnet.

To ——— ———.

I fondly hoped that I had found a friend,
When first I looked into those eyes of thine,
And fancied light, more deep than jestful, shine—
Coming from thoughts with which mine own might
blend ;
From Fancy, which, its glowing hues, would lend
To all the things of earth : a love like mine
For Nature's wealth which shows in day's decline ;
In midnight stars which holy luster send
Down to the sleeping earth ; and in all things
Of beauty and of light. I did not know,
That only frivolous thoughts might dwell below
An eye so piercing bright. But Time still brings
Its many lessons for the heart to learn,
And 't is not wisdom from its words to turn.

The Dying Girl.

Sweet sister ! I am dying,
My heart is beating low ;
I hear the voice of music,
That calls me now to go.

The earth is full of beauty,
And I would stay awhile,
To see it brightly wearing,
The Summer's flow'ry smile.

For now the little streamlets,
Have scarcely learnt to trill ;
They just begin to babble,
And wander down the hill :

And Spring-time's early blossoms,
Scarce dare to raise their eyes ;
They wait for softer breezes,
For warmer, brighter skies.

Yet there are some which waken,
Beneath the April dew ;
And lift to rain and sunshine,
Their cups of tender blue.

Oh bring them now, my sister,
And place them on my bed ;
That I may breathe the fragrance,
Which they so sweetly shed !

Oh while they thus are breathing
Around my drooping brow,

I seem to wander idly,
Beneath the forest bough,

Where we so oft, my sister,
In happy hours have strayed ;
The pale-eyed flow'rets gath'ring,
Which grew beneath the shade !

But yet, each gloomy pathway,
Seems full of mystic light ;
And strange, bright forms are rising
Upon my wond'ring sight.

When through those aisles we wandered,
They brightened not the air ;
But Oh, perhaps, my sister,
They floated viewless there

Above us sweetly watching,
Although we saw them not ;
In lonely glen and forest,
And in each lovely spot !

And, Oh, when we are parted,
You'll think of what I say !
You'll think that gentle angels,
Are ever 'round your way.

And it may be, my sister,
That with you I shall roam,
Though silent and unnoticed,
Around our cherished home.

But yet, when rosy morning,
Is on the dewy earth ;
And birds are sweetly warbling,
Of innocence and mirth ;

And when the blush of evening,
Sheds gold and crimson light ;
Or, through the purple darkness,
Shine all the stars of night ;

In winter or in summer,
When beauty lures thine eye ;

In stream or gloomy forest,
Or in the starry sky;

You'll think, perhaps, with sorrow,
That they are lost to me,—
Those varied forms of beauty,
Which I so love to see.

Yet, Oh, I shall be gazing
Upon them from afar!
With you I'll be admiring,
The flow'ret or the star.

Then mourn not much, sweet sister,
When I am cold and pale;
For with you I will wander,
Through wood and flow'ry vale.

I'm growing weaker, sister,
And shorter grows my breath,
While on my forehead gather,
The chilling damps of death.

Then take those flowers, sister,
And place them in my hand,
For I would carry blossoms,
Into the spirit land.

German,
OR DISAPPOINTED HOPES.

PART FIRST.

“All worlds are not like this,
Devoid of peaceful bliss ;
And from the Heaven’s blue, afar,
Shines full many a glancing star,
Where disappointment hath not birth,
With pity gazing on this earth,
Which in its quiet sadness lies
Mournful, beneath the gleaming skies ;

While on its rugged, gloomy brow,
A dreary darkness resteth now ;
And from its woods, night-breezes low,
Whisper mysterious sounds of woe.”

Thus spake a sad man now,
With meekly mournful brow ;
Then quickly turns his patient eye
Upon the brook which ripples by ;
And thoughts, which crowd his mind the while,
Spread o’er his face a gloomy smile.
And thus he speaks again : “ Oh stream !
Bright as your shining waters gleam
Beneath the Crescent’s tender beam,
They ’re not so bright as that blue eye,
Whose glances oft have made me sigh ;
Nor is the moonlight purer now,
Nor fairer than her snowy brow.

“ But yet, she is not mine,
And though her blue eyes shine,
’Tis mockery to see them bright,—

I cannot claim their azure light :
A stranger's form hath caught her eye,
He wins her, yet I know not why :
'Tis strange that I am left to sigh !
'Tis woman's foolishness, I know,
That 's brought my heart this bitter woe !
That poor young stranger ne'er could move
A wiser woman's heart to love !

“ Have forty winters shed
Grey hairs upon my head ?
It may, it may, perhaps, be so ;
But yet, experience, I know,
Should be far more than match for youth :
Still, still, it is a mournful truth
That he has won her,—well, ah, well !
He must have used some wizard's spell,
For I, blessed with far better chance,
Could win not e'en one tender glance.

“ Oh, wily womankind !
Grief ne'er the heart could find,

Without a woman's tender wiles,—
A woman's sweet, deceitful smiles !”
Thus sad, he speaks on that green hill,
Which sunset leaves so calm and still ;
Now gazing on the crescent bright,
Which shed through sunset rays her light ;
Or on the streamlet at his feet,
Whose wavelets roll with endless beat,
Like his sad heart, which may not know
Rest from the ceaseless pulse of woe.

He sees,—yet heeds he not
The beauty of that spot ;
He heeds not now the streamlet blue,
With its sweet flowers all bathed in dew ;
He heeds not now the forest proud,
Which ne'er at man's behest hath bowed ;
Nor those blue hills, which darkly meet
To chain the silver lakelet's sheet,
Which lies in silence at their feet,
And mirrors, on its waveless flood,
The purple hill, and spreading wood,

And each bright star, whose twinkling eye
Hath dared so soon to light the sky.

From where the small brook plays
He turns, and homeward strays ;
And, on his pillow, seeks in vain,
The sleep which should compose his brain ;
For still, upon his weary mind,
Rise wand'ring thoughts he cannot bind :
Still, thoughts of Edith fill his heart,—
In vain he bids those thoughts depart :
He knows she 's at another's side,
Another's young and happy bride :
And then he thinks, had she been his—
But that, for him were too much bliss—
Till now, at last, his eyelids close,
And slumber gives him short repose.

Now brightly comes the day :
Night's darkness flits away,
And, o'er the tranquil morning sky,

Bright braided wreaths of vapor lie,
Like pearly network o'er the beam
Of the pure sapphire's azure gleam ;
While here a cloud of pearl is tinged
With sea-shell pink, and golden fringed ;
And there, a cloud of crimson fold,
Floats in a sea of flushing gold.

Earth, too, is brightly fair,

And, on the balmy air,

Clouds of the sweetest fragrance rise,
An off'ring to the bright-robed skies ;
Fair on the meadow's living green
Each flower of varied hue is seen ;
By the blue stream the violet
Stoops down, its purple crest to wet ;
And the ground-ivy, with its eye,
Modest and blue as Summer's sky,
And dandelions, fresh and sweet,
Seem pleased the Passer's eye to greet.

Herrmann walked forth, and viewed
Each flow'ret Summer-hued ;

But yet, upon his mind was pressed
A weight that would not give him rest ;
And as through each green field he strayed,
Where golden insects brightly played,
And the small streamlet's silver beat
Kept time to th' warbling music sweet ;
And at each turn, the joys he breathed
Of flowers that 'round his pathway wreathed,
Would almost swell the human soul
With feelings far beyond control,—
He sighed not less, but all day long
He listened to the wild-bird's song,—
And wandered musing, 'mid the flowers,
That blossomed in the Summer hours.'

So passed that Summer day,
With its long hours, away ;
And sad the Season passed along,
With glowing flowers and merry song ;
And Autumn, with its fruit of gold,
And Winter, too, gray-haired and old ;
But yet he sees not that loved form,

Whose gentle grace his heart could warm—
Not till the gentle Summer's train
Before the Autumn wind was lain ;
Then he beheld once more her face,
Which bore, of care, slight penciled trace ;
Now in her arms there drooped a flower,
Which Autumn placed within her bower,—
A gentle babe, whose infant face
Bore of its mother's image trace.

But yet he cares not now,
To gaze upon that brow ;
At least he thinks—but when is thought
With much of truth or meaning fraught ?
Oft did he sadly muse and sigh,
Nor scarcely knew the reason why ;
So he was sad—not with wild grief,
For that, in time, will find relief—
But the half-grief, which mourners feel,
When time hath dulled their Sorrow's steel.

So passed each listless day ;
So passed the months away :

He sometimes saw her he had loved,
Then, for a time, his heart was moved ;
As when we sometimes turn by chance,
Upon some friend's dear grave, a glance.
And now *two* children, fair and young,
'Round Edith's matron footsteps hung ;
And he, whose love had claimed her heart,
Longed from his fireside to depart,
And seek with her a western home,
Fairer than that from which they roam.

The gentle, last good-bye,
The tear, the stifled sigh,
The half-sobbed, tender-spoken word
Is by the lonely wand'ers, heard.
Yes, all is o'er, and far away,
With mournful hearts, they take their way.

PART SECOND.

Redly the twilight falls
'Round a low cabin's walls,
Gilding the knotty oaks, which spread
Their dark green branches overhead,
And long their uncouth shadows throw
Upon the flower-beds bright below.

Within those lowly walls,
'Round which the twilight falls
With shadows dim, and crimson light,
Making the dark oak branches bright,
A suff'rer pale, with glassy eyes,

On a low couch of anguish lies ;
And by him, near that lonely bed,
Where its last beams the Sunset shed,
Stands, pale and sad, his anxious wife,
Watching with grief his ebbing life :
'Tis Edith's form stands trembling there,
Gazing with grief, and sad despair,—
With grief beyond a tear—a sigh—
Gazing to see her loved one die.

Slowly, the death-dews now,
Gather around that brow ;
And now the sufferer speaks : “ Ah me,
This struggling soul will soon be free !
But Oh, my Edith ! can I die,
Ere yet those far-off friends are nigh,
Who, though they could not cure thy grief,
To thy sad heart could give relief,
And make less deep the bursting sigh,
With the fond tear of sympathy ?

“ Oh, raise me !—let my eye
Gaze on the twilight sky !

'T is the last time that I may gaze
Upon the Sunset's crimson rays :
Farewell sweet scene ! farewell my wife !
Thou hast been dear to me in life ;
And now, that I must die, I know
That thy true heart will sink in woe ;
Ah yes—and it will almost break ;
But Oh, for our sweet children's sake
Live on ! Time may give some relief
From the deep fullness of thy grief.

“ Farewell—and when my grave
Is deep where flowers wave,
Leave me in peace,—yes, leave my tomb !
Its sight will give thee thoughts of gloom ;
Turn thou, and seek thy childhood's home,
From which I taught thy steps to roam.
Farewell !—I hear thy bursting sigh—
Farewell—weep not for me—I die ! ”

The last low word is said ;
Friends gather round the dead,

And close, with gentle touch, those eyes,
And fold those hands with mournful sighs ;
While wildly now, the widowed wife
Weeps o'er the clay which hath no life ;
And then stands fixed in speechless woe—
Grief, which her orphans cannot know—
And then with meek and patient heart,
Checks the wild floods of grief which start—
Gazing all calmly on the dead,
Wishing that her last tears were shed.

So passed the mournful night ;
But with the day's soft light,
She seemed less sad ; for Faith's keen eye
Had lifted hers beyond the sky ;
And she could see—though faint and far—
A peaceful rest, like some sweet star,
Which, though half hid by clouds, still gleams
On our dark way with constant beams.

Day after weary day,
Glides with its grief away ;

And Edith sees her loved-one's grave,
On whose new sod the bright flowers wave ;
Sees for the last, last time ;—and then,
Seeks for her childhood's home again.

Her children bid adieu
To wild flowers wet with dew,—
To the dark oaks, which bent above
Their cabin home as if in love,
And wept, that they might roam no more
Upon the bright lake's pebbly shore ;
Or o'er the prairie's trackless way,
Amid the glowing wild flowers play.

Months pass ; and Edith's form,
Half bent by sorrow's storm,
Rests in her childhood's home again,—
Hath roamed through each familiar glen,
And wandered by each streamlet bright,
Whose windings pleased her childhood's sight ;

And traced the path, in that green grove,
Which her young children learn to love :
Through each lone nook her feet have strayed,
Where in her childish joy she played.

Yet still, she sadly weeps ;
For in her soul there sleeps
A grief which slowly, day by day,
Wears her lone spirit's life away ;
And each dear thing which meets her eye,
Seems but to mock her agony ;
The flowers, which 'round her brightly glow,
Seem smiling at her tearful woe ;
And the bright stream's small wavelets beat
With murmurs mocking, (though so sweet,)
And songs of vanished joys repeat.

Time changes day by day,
And long years float away ;
And Herrmann sometimes sees her now,
He sees her dull and care-worn brow ;
But now, that pale and wasted form

No love within his heart can warm ;
Yet, when he sees her children play,
His thoughts will often backward stray,
Driving the mists of years away ;
And he will sigh, as though he saw
Some vision, brightly fair withdraw.

And sometimes he would rove
Through glen and leafy grove—
Through the dim forest's gloomy ways,
Telling them tales of other days ;
Or, list'ning to their prattle wild,
In their child-eyes, himself a child.

Lovely those children grew,
Like fair flowers filled with dew ;
Their young hearts bathed in Hope's rich light
Which made the future prospect bright ;
The eldest was a gentle girl,
With rich red lips, and auburn curl,
Of form as light, and brow as fair,
As was her mother's, ere pale Care
Had stamped its lines of sadness there.

Fair was young Amy's face,
On it you might not trace
One look of sorrow or of care,
Marking the brow serene and fair ;
And there was quiet, pensive grace,
In the soft outline of her face.

And then the roguish boy,
His mother's pride and joy,
With his dark eyes so glad and bright,
So full of joyous laughter light ;
The youngest, with its ruddy cheek,
And sparkling eyes so soon to speak,
Thoughtless, and careless as the breeze,
Which plays in joy through Summer trees.

But soon, far, far away,
Where soft the south winds play,
Their kind old friend must go, and leave
Those young and loving hearts to grieve ;

And much they miss him for awhile,
And half forget the joyous smile ;
He, too, is sad ; but most he sighs
For her, whose shining hair and eyes,
And graceful step, and light form seem
Like those in his first-love's short dream.

But why should he thus sigh

For that blue, glancing eye ?

Or think so oft of that bright hair,
Of that soft cheek or forehead fair ?
For he is but an old man now,
And grey hairs thickly strew his brow ;
And Time hath often given trace
Of years, in wrinkles on his face.

PART THIRD.

Orphans in this cold world,
Where oft the lip is curled
At lonely misery ; and woe
Is frowned on—not relieved below,—
Where grief hath scarcely time for tears,
Ere borne away by circling years ;
And, while it stays in some dark shade,
Its debt of falling tears is paid !—
Such Edith's children now ! for she,
In the dark grave, from grief is free.
Slowly her form had grown more weak,
And deathly pallor dimmed her cheek ;

Till at the last, Death bowed her head,
And made for her, in earth, a bed.

Full fifteen Summers bright
Had passed, in joy and light,
O'er youthful Amy's gentle head ;
The sixteenth now had sped,
When she was left almost alone
In this cold world—though older grown
In grief, which makes the young heart old,—
Still, she was young—the world was cold ;
And her faint, shrinking spirit deemed
That light on this dark earth ne'er beamed.

But soon, her face grew bright :
Her heart found Hope's delight ;
And as her lips forgot to sigh,
Her beauty met another's eye ;
For her, another's heart grew warm,
His eye learned to admire her form ;
At first, she shrunk from human love,
As timid as the nestling dove ;

Yet soon, she learned to trust her heart
With him who bade its love-fount start.

Meanwhile, where far away
The fragrant south winds play,
Old Herrmann roamed ; yet found not there,
Aught which to him seemed true or fair ;
He gazed, unmoved, on each bright scene,
With discontentment in his mien ;
And when he roamed by dark blue streams,
His mind still given to aimless dreams,
Or gazed upon the melting sky,
With heavy heart and swimming eye,
Still, from his lips escaped the sigh ;
For much he missed one timid voice,
Which oft had made his heart rejoice ;
But it was all in vain he strove
To banish, or forget his love :
He fain would think her but a friend ;
Yet with his dreams, her form would blend,

And he resolved to seek her side,
And strive to win her for his bride.

And from those genial bowers,
Blue skies and smiling flowers,
He turns ; nor lingers now his mind
On the bright things he leaves behind ;
And, with a joyous heart he goes,
From where the scented south wind blows,
To seek the lovely orphan girl,
Whose sunny glance and waving curl
Could warm his heart, though it was old,
And careless minds might deem it cold.

He found his youthful love,
And tried her heart to move ;
He told her he had missed her tone,
And far from her had seemed alone ;
How her young smile could, from his heart,
Bid ev'ry mournful thought depart ;
And that, to win her for his bride

To be forever at his side,
He left without a sigh, each spot,
Though bright and fair, where she was not.

And more, he would have said ;
But Amy raised her head,
As scarcely she restrained, the while,
From her bright lips the rising smile ;
And with a voice, all clear and low,
She answered : “ Be thy bride ? ah, no !
I should but be a lonely bride,
And could not cheer, though at thy side ;
For soon thy mind, so wise and sage,
Would scorn a child of such slight age ;
But yet, in friendship, still shall be
Thy name, the dearest name to me.”

Then Herrmann spoke once more,
As one whose hope was o'er :
“ Oh maiden ! should thy gentle heart
Be torn from all thou lov'st apart,

Remember me ! for still thy friend,
With thoughts of thee, true love shall blend."

And then he turned away
As one who leaves bright day,
And flowers, and rills, the warm Sun's light,
And seeks the shades of darkest night ;
And then he spoke in tones of grief,
As though sad words could give relief :

" Why was I made to love ?
Why did my heart e'er move
To such wild folly, when such pain
Is sure to follow in its train ?
And why could I not win her heart,
To share in my warm love a part ?
Ah, it must be she thinks me old !
Surely, my heart is not yet cold ;
And though my hair with years is grey,
Love's power hath not yet passed away.

“ Why did I ever sigh
For that bright smiling eye ?
Why did I never learn that love
Was not for earth, but Heaven above ?
Yet some bestow their love on earth,
On some dear object of true worth,
And win the fair one of their choice ;
Surely, for such, grief hath no voice ;
But yet to me, love bringeth pain,
And sighs for that I could not gain.”

Thus, mournfully he sighs
Till Summer daylight dies ;
And day by day, he feels his grief,
Which time can scarcely give relief ;
Musing of her with downcast eyes,
And for her young sweet voice he sighs :
Thinking of her, months pass away,
Till sorrow turns his locks more grey.

Amy, meanwhile, is gay,
As bright months pass away,

Until she's at her young love's side,
A graceful and a happy bride ;
Yet still she sometimes thinks of him,
Whose eyes for her grow darkly dim ;
And with a heart of sympathy,
Still shrines his form in memory.

Time all his changes brings,

With years upon his wings ;

Amy, no more a maiden now,
With laughing eye and sunny brow ;
No more the blushing, timid maid,
But a young matron fair and staid,
With her loved husband at her side,—
Her brothers grown to manhood's pride ;
And her fair child, whose lovely face
Bears of its mother's image trace :
No wonder, that her life goes by
With scarce a falling tear, or sigh ;
Nor that Time, on her gentle face,
Forbears the flight of years to trace ;

And leaves her with contented heart,
In all life's cares to bear her part.

More lined with sorrow now,
Is Herrmann's wrinkled brow,—
His whit'ning locks more thin and grey ;
Yet still he keeps on life's rough way ;
Still is his form unbent by years,
His eye undimmed by falling tears ;
And sometimes, he forgets his grief,
Which in long years hath found relief ;
And when he looks on Amy's child,
He smiles as when in youth he smiled,
And hopes when that fair child is grown,
He may not dwell, so sad, alone ;
But thinks, perchance, he'll claim as bride,
His first love's grand-child at his side.

Florence.

I see the twilight shadows play,
And deepen into gloom ;
My thoughts are wand'ring far away,—
Far from this lonely room.

I rise, and walk with mournful tread,
My steps give forth no sound ;
But silent as the ghostly dead,
I pace the room around.

As silent as the restless ghost,
Which walks with noiseless feet,

Through pleasant scenes which he hath lost,
 Wrapped in a winding sheet ;

Or stands within the gloomy wood,
 Or in the dusky vale,
With form which well might chill the blood,
 Beneath the moonlight pale.

Thus, through the shadows dim and strange,
 I walk with languid foot ;
While thoughts of other time, and change,
 Which in my heart have root,

Crowd thickly to my weary mind,
 Which would forget awhile ;
Would leave its mem'ries all behind,
 And learn again to smile.

Yet Oh ! I cannot now be glad,
 For I am all alone ;
And Autumn winds with voices sad,
 Answer with moan to moan.

And when the Spring-time comes again,
My heart will not grow light ;
I shall not be less mournful then,
Though all things else be bright.

I was not always gloomy so,
I have not always wept ;
But since I learned my grief to know,
That grief hath never slept.

Once I was glad, and young, and gay,
I knew not how to weep ;
I played with blossoms all the day,
Then with them sunk to sleep.

Oh, brightly passed those happy years,—
Would they might come again !
For then I knew no word for tears,
I knew no sadness then.

That small brown cottage by the wood,
I almost see it now ;

And that mad stream, which poured its flood
Beneath the forest bough.

High were the hills which towered there,
Their rocks with bushes hung ;
And vines, all decked with blossoms fair,
Across their clefts were flung.

Dark was the glen, and wrapt in shade,
Faint streaked with sunlight's gold ;
Where my fair sister with me played,
And brothers free and bold.

And there was one—a laughing boy—
Whose home was near to ours ;
And his bright eyes were full of joy,
And blue as Summer flowers ;

And oft with us all day he played,
Seeking, in each green nook,
The flow'rs which grew beneath the shade,
Down by the babbling brook.

And, often, he would bring to me
The sweetest flowers of Spring ;
Which bloomed, when first in warbling glee
The birds began to sing.

His name was Walter ; ah, how dear
That name to me has grown !
And still it calls the gushing tear,
To speak it when so lone.

Ah me ! how happy were those hours,
When we were children still ;
And sought, and found the sunny flowers,
On mossy bank and hill.

Brightly the swift years passed away,—
I was no more a child ;
But still my life was glad and gay,
And sunshine o'er me smiled.

It was one Spring, when on each hill
The Sun shone warm and bright,
And each blue brook, began to trill
Its murmurs of delight ;

When in the meadows fresh and fair,
Young lambs began to bleat ;
And on the green-sward, here and there,
Were blossoms new and sweet ;

I sat upon the mossy ground,
Beside the gurgling stream,
Watching its little waves curl round,
Half in a bright day-dream.

My sister sat beside me there,
Twining a wreath of flowers ;
But Oh, she seemed herself, more fair
Than buds from brightest bowers !

Thus silently we sat awhile,
Until she raised her eyes,

Which mirrored forth each sigh or smile,
Which to her lips might rise.

“Sister!” she said, “what passing dream
Can fix your mind so long?
I’ve watched you, gazing on that stream,
And list’ning to its song,

“Till I am weary of its chime,
And of its babbling play;
And weary of the lengthened time,
Which slowly glides away.”

And then the wreath which she had twined,
She placed around my hair;
They were the sweetest she could find—
Of rose-buds, rich and fair.

And then we told, in playful mood,
Of each new pleasant thought;
She spoke of Walter, and the blood
Quick to my brow was brought.

She gazed, with almost wond'ring eye,
Upon my crimson cheek ;
And then, I saw her vainly try
Of other things to speak.

Her lip and cheek wore death-like hue,
And tear-drops filled her eyes ;
They looked like flower-bells, when the dew
Falls from the evening skies.

“ Florence, you love him then !” she said ;—
“ Alas, such were my fears !”—
And then she bowed her sunny head,
To hide the dropping tears.

And then I spoke—my own eyes dim,—
“ Nay, sister, why so moved ?
You know not, if I have loved him,
That Walter, too, has loved ?

“ Oh, sister Adda ! tell me all,
Tell ev'rything to me ;

Oh, has your heart heard Love's sweet call—
That heart so glad and free?"

To her soft eyes the light returned,
And warmly on her cheek,
The thought in timid blushes burned,
Which scarcely she could speak.

And then in sweet, half-spoken words,
She told how well she loved ;
And that her young heart's trembling chords,
By one sweet touch were moved.

And when she slowly left my side,
That I might think awhile,
The tears from her blue eyes were dried,
And she could almost smile.

And, as I sat beside that brook,
Musing in tears alone,
I thought of Adda's mournful look,
And sweet confiding tone.

I thought of all her hopes, her fears,
And how her tender heart
Would break beneath the weight of tears,
Such grief would cause to start.

If she should see her sister wed
To him for whom she sighed,
I knew that grief those eyes would dim
Till death her tears had dried.

I felt that Walter loved me well,
Though ne'er that love he'd spoke ;
But I resolved, that, that sweet spell,
Should soon be rudely broke.

Yes, I resolved to give him up,
And give my life to woe ;
To calmly drink the bitter cup,
And smile no more below !

Ah me ! the tears flowed fast that night :
I tried, but could not sleep ;

And when the Sun rose richly bright,
I scarce could cease to weep.

The days crept slowly o'er my head ;
The Sun, though warm and bright,
Could not, upon my spirit, shed
Its genial warmth or light.

For though my voice was calm, and firm,
As it had ever been,
I still felt Grief's untiring worm,
Gnawing my heart within.

And, though sometimes the dimpling smile
Would brighten o'er my cheek,
My heart seemed breaking all the while,
With griefs I could not speak.

And when my Walter told his love,
I hid my inward pain ;
And though my lips could scarcely move,
I spoke as in disdain.

I cast his earnest love away,
 Though, from my wretched heart,
I felt 'twould shut each blissful ray
 Of light, from him to part.

And Oh ! he thought me cold and proud,
 Yet it was never so ;
Love's voice, for him, was wild and loud,
 But duty whispered, " No !"

Could he have seen my inmost heart,
 And known its shrouding pain,
He would have felt it bore no part
 Of coldness, or disdain.

Ah me ! it was the bitt'rest woe,
 Which human hearts can feel ;
I felt my heart's blood trickling slow,
 Nor could the wound reveal.

Yet I bore up ; I was not wild,—
 That were a fate too blest !

Earth would not give to Sorrow's child,
Nor fancied bliss, nor rest.

The days passed on as other days,
Save that I sometimes wept,
And walked beneath the starlight rays,
When others 'round me slept.

For Walter then had wandered far
Upon the foamy sea;
I thought that on the polar star,
Perchance, he gazed with me.

And when the wild-winds swept around
With fearful shriek and moan,
I could but see the black waves bound,
And hear his dying groan.

But yet, he came—he came at last,
When Summer, warm and bright,
Told that a weary year had past,
With all its shade and light.

Yes, he had reached, without a change,
His cherished natal spot ;
Save in the altered tone, and strange,
That told he loved me not.

Long weary months had passed away,
Spring flowers were on the hills ;
Earth smiled beneath the smile of May,
And loosed her babbling rills.

There was a bride, a lovely bride,
Who must that morn be wed ;
'T was Adda : Walter at her side,
Moved with a joyous tread.

Their hands were joined, the words were said,
And they were made as one ;
And my sad heart all sorrow-fed,
Half sighed to see it done.

Yes, half I sighed, but envied not
Their hearts so light and glad ;
Though all the brightness of their lot
Made mine seem doubly sad.

And years passed silently along,
Heedless of joy or woe ;
For Time knows not the griefs which throng
To human hearts below.

And Adda faded day by day,
Her step grew faint and weak ;
And crimson light would sometimes play
Upon her wasted cheek.

That glow was like the dying leaves,
Whose beauty speaks of death ;
Which Autumn's wind, that o'er them grieves,
Will scatter on its breath.

And soon we laid her in the grave,
Beneath the budding flowers ;

Which still in gentle beauty wave,
When Summer gives them showers.

But ere she died, she laid her head,
All weeping on my breast ;
And while the gushing tears she shed,
Her secret woe confest.

“ Florence,” she said, “ most true and dear
Of all my friends on earth !
You know the cloud which hovers near,
And darkens all our mirth ;

“ You know that I must lie and sleep,
Beneath the sunny flowers,
While passing clouds above me weep,
In warmly dropping showers ;

“ But Oh ! my sister, there ’s a woe
Which sadder makes my heart ;
Than with all lovely things below—
With all things dear—to part.

“It is—Oh sister!—can I say,
That Walter loves me not?
Yes; that’s the cloud which dims my day,
And mars my peaceful lot.

“And I, sweet sister! long have known
Your gen’rous gift to me,
Of that dear heart which was your own,
And still must ever be.

“Yet, when you gave that heart to me,
Your grief I did not know;
For joy is ever slow to see
The falling tear of woe.

“And Oh, sweet sister! when you look
Upon my lowly grave,
You will not blame me, that I took
The happiness you gave.”

A year her gentle form had lain,
And moldered in the ground;

And clouds had cast the summer rain,
And wintry snows around.

Oft had I thought of all she said,
Before her head had pressed
The pillow of its darksome bed,
To find a fitting rest.

Then Walter sought again my love,
And said his lonely heart,
Away from me, in gloom would move—
From joy and hope apart.

I would have sold my life to woe,
Could I have told my grief;—
To long, long years of silent woe,
And, telling, found relief;

But, with a gush of rising pride,
Affection ceased to move ;
“ You wronged her who is dead,” I cried,
“ You spurned her trusting love !

“Her gentle soul was pure and true,
So pure it might not stay ;
Her bright head sleeps beneath the yew,
But she is far away.

“I know she sought her home above,
Beyond the peaceful sky,
Because she saw no kindling love
Beam softly from your eye ;

“Because she saw that, forth to me
Your warm affection came ;
Because she sadly felt that she
No part of it could claim.

“Though she on earth no more may move,
Nor shrink from sorrow here ;
I feel that I should dread your love,
As though she still were near.

“And Walter ! should I be your bride,
It would not be forgot,

How she went mourning at your side,
Because you loved her not."

We parted ; and the years of grief
Have darkly rolled away ;
Yet Time hath given no relief,
Since that sad parting day.

And I am sadder, sadder still,
As mournful years go by ;
Time sorrow's goblet seems to fill,
To swell the bitter sigh.

Some smile to see me dwell alone,
From earthly love apart ;
Because they think no lover's tone
Hath wooed my maiden heart.

Ah me ! they know not half the woe
That swells my sinking heart ;
To feel, from all things bright below,
From all things loved, apart.

But I shall sweetly rest erewhile,
Beside my sister's form ;
Forgetting all the sunshine's smile,
The darkness, and the storm.

I am all Alone.

When first the notes of the wild-bird I hear,
When the first brook's music falls sweet on my ear,
When Spring is decking, with garlands of leaves,
The darksome brows of the old forest trees,

I am all alone.

When the gentle Spring resigneth her care,
Of the budding trees, and the flowers fair,
When Summer her ardent heat hath begun,
When fiercely, on high, is glowing the sun,

I am all alone.

When the sultry heat of Summer is o'er,
And Autumn is bringing his tempting store
Of ripened fruit, from the fading trees,
Where solemnly sigheth the mournful breeze,
I am all alone.

When stern Winter howls on the dreary gale,
And earth lies asleep 'neath a snowy vail,
When storms wildly riot and clouds darkly lower,
And madly the Storm-king asserts his dread power,
I am all alone.

I am all alone ; for when sorrow is near,
And no ray of hope is given to cheer,
No heart to mine heaves an answering sigh,
And no tear for me dims another's eye,
I am all alone.

Hope.

The flowers had gone—yes, every one
That brightly gazed on the Summer sun ;
The Autumn leaves, too, had passed away,
With their hues of gold and crimson gay,
And the cold grey clouds were bending low,
Beneath their burden of chilling snow.

The song-birds no more the forests might cheer,
They had sought a clime which is far less drear ;
And the sparkling brooklet danced alone,
Or danced to the tune of cold wind's moan,—

And it played unseen its merry pranks,
For no flowers smiled or peeped o'er its banks.

And, as darkling it went on its way,
It seemed in a mournful tone to say,
“Where are the flowers that stooped to lave
Their blushing cheeks in my crystal wave?
And where are the birds, which joined my song
With their sweet voices all the day long?”

The forest frowned, as it saw the doom
Of the clothing bright, which hid its gloom;
It looked on the fallen leaves and said,
“My crown of verdure hath left my head;
The birds have left me and gone away,
For my boughs are dark—they would not stay.”

“But why, dark forest, and streamlet bright,
Mourn for the things that have left thy sight?
For, little streamlet, bright flow'rs shall smile
O'er thy dark and gloomy waves erewhile;

And through thine aisles, dark forest, shall ring
Far sweeter notes, at the coming of Spring."

The dark old forest lifted its head,
And mourned no more for its verdure dead ;
And the murmuring streamlet glid away,
'Neath the chains of ice that bound its play ;
For Hope told the forest of brighter hours,
And the darkling stream, of sunshine and flow'rs.

The Star.

I looked into the sky, afar,
And there was one pale twinkling Star,
That shone amid the clouds :
And from its station high,
It cheered the gloomy sky
With tender light.

I watched it as the clouds of grey
Passed by it on their misty way,
And still it faintly shone :
Still silently it gleamed.

And faint its lustre beamed
Through midnight gloom.

And to that lonely Star, I said,
Which, calm and pale, its brightness shed;—
“What art thou, silent Star?
Art thou an angel’s eye,
Thus gazing watchfully
Upon me now?

“Art thou a lamp on high to stand
At eve, held by an angel’s hand?
And what thy office there,
Amid the cloudy sky,
Where dark clouds broken fly
Across thy light?”

And from the dark sky, far away,
The Star, faint flick’ring, seemed to say, —
“Heaven needs not my light;
I hold my station here

The lonely earth to cheer,
With peaceful ray.

“Contented here I calmly stay ;
For though from earth so far away,
Mortals may see my light ;
And 'tis to teach them here,
Amid the clouds so drear,
I stay in gloom.

“I am like Faith which shines to cheer
The mortal's path, so lone and drear,
By peaceful thoughts of heav'n ;
Though heav'n seems distant far,
Yet Faith's undying star
Shines on his way.

The Broken Heart's Request.

Let me die, for I am weary,
And my soul is full of woe ;
Oh this life is dark and dreary ;
To the grave, then, let me go.

For my head is sick with aching,
And my tears, they ever flow
From the heart that's crushed and breaking ;
To the grave, then, let me go.

'Neath the shadow of the willow,
Let me calmly lie and sleep ;

Let me find a welcome pillow,
In the grave so dark and deep.

Let me lie beneath the flowers,
They will bend above my tomb ;
And will drop their gentle showers
Of sweet tears, to cheer my gloom.

Let the singing brook flow near me,
I shall love its pleasant tone ;
For its murm'ring soft will cheer me,
When I'm in the grave alone.

Let me die, my heart is aching,
'Neath the sod to lie and sleep :
Sleep the sleep that knows no waking,
In the narrow grave and deep.

Sonnet.

DREAM.

I dreamed I saw that lake, all pure and bright,
Beneath the rosy dawn of morning lie,
Reflecting back the wood, and hill, and sky,
And clouds, which made a pearly net-work bright
Across the blue, pleasing the gazer's sight ;
And on each side, the hills rose green and high,
On the still lake, their pictures met my eye,—
Soft and subdued, in that still dreamy light.
Then slow, that blessed vision passed away,—
Passed the bright sky, and greenly swelling hill,
And the blue lake which rose so sweetly still,
As things too fair, too beautiful, to stay :
And I was with the gloomy night alone,
A list'ning to the wind's unceasing moan.

Sonnet.

AUTUMN.

There is a sigh upon the gloomy air,—
A wail for the departed Summer hours,
Which mingles with the chilling Autumn showers,
Sad as the mournful whispers of despair,
O'er the lone vales which Summer left so fair,—
Or, sweeping wildly through the faded bowers,
As mourning for the pale and withered flowers,
Which once were resting bright and richly there;
Mourning above the dead and fallen leaves,
Which in the dark'ning forest faded lie,
Beneath the frowning of the cloudy sky :
And now with louder, wilder tone, it grieves,
As night upon the lonely earth comes down,
Cheerless, and dark, without her starry crown

To E. B.

Bound to a couch of restless pain,
By fell disease—a loathsome chain!—
I often give a passing thought
To some dear, absent friend,
And dreams with holy friendship fraught,
With darker visions blend.

And oft, when Fancy roves all free,
I think, my absent friend, of thee;
And of departed hours which seem,
Now that their joys are past,
The brightness of some happy dream
Of light, too fair to last.

Yes, Thought—unshackled Thought, may rove
On magic wings of purest love ;
But yet my weary being still
Must wait in fev'rish pain,
Nor follow out the wand'ring will
Of my most restless brain.

Oh ! when my thoughts thus rove afar,
Fleet as the lightning's fiery car,
I seem to greet thee far away,
Where thou in peace dost dwell ;
Where southern skies above are gay,
And soft winds 'round thee swell.

And, then, with wilder, freer flow,
My thoughts turn to the "long ago ;"
And through the dim and misty track
Of Time's unvarying way,
I call the lovely visions back
That blessed my childhood's day.

Then fast the loved ones come around ;
I hear some voice's remembered sound ;
I clasp some loved, familiar hand,
That now is far from me ;
I seem with well known friends to stand—
Dear forms I seem to see.

I rove with thee, my friend, beside
The silver streamlet's rippling tide ;
Again I pluck the smiling flow'rs
That on its green banks grew,
And live again the happy hours
That careless childhood knew.

But now, some swifter, eddying blast
Goes whirling with the snow-flakes past,
Scatt'ring the dreams of Fancy bright,
Which were too fair to stay :
Around me glooms the cloudy night,
And thou art far away.

Sonnet

TO N.

I.

Oh ! canst thou love to search the human mind,
To rove through all its chambers, wide and deep,
And read the thoughts when wildest passions
sweep ?

Oh ! canst thou love such fearful things to find,
To see the chains of sin, which ever bind
Each earth-born spirit, and in bondage keep
The soul where virtue lays her down to sleep,
The soul round which the serpent's folds have twined,
The human soul, fallen from joy and light ?

Oh ! is't not like the withered flower that grows
Beneath the Upas' deadly shade, which throws

On all that might be loveliness, a blight,
Fearful and deadly, whence it ne'er may rise,
To breathe sweet fragrance, or to charm the eyes?

II.

And have I read thy heart in truth aright ?
Is it not full of beatings warm and kind,
And hast thou not a sweet, and gentle mind ?
Such, it does not seem to casual sight ;
Yet oft I know the soul is richly bright,
With hues of thought, unseen by other mind,
That seeks in vain its kindred soul to find ;
And often overlooks in random flight,
The one it seeks, the warmly beating heart,
With its deep tenderness an untried well
Of living waves, whose sweetness none can tell,
Until the closely hidden fountains start,
And burst that soul to lave, that kindred soul,
Which ever after, claims its love's control.

There are no Flowers Now.

There are no flowers now
Upon earth's furrowed brow :
The dewy garland, blooming brightly there
Before the Winter's blast,
Which sweeps so wildly past,
Faded ; and its sweet fragrance left the air.

Oh, fairer than the crown,
Which came in sadness down,
The flowers, which decked the forehead of the earth !
Sweeter than birds which sing,
Than bells which gaily ring,
Striving to give to Winter thoughts of mirth !

And when the wind goes by,
And swift the snow-flakes fly,
Coming to earth in white and frozen showers ;
I sigh for Spring's sweet time,
Or Summer's fervid prime—
I sigh—ah yes,—I sigh for gentle flowers !

Oh earth ! canst thou not yield
One flower from wood or field,
Its gentle beauty shielded by the snow ?
While chilling winds above
Sweep through the leafless grove,
Seeming to heed the flower which sleeps below ?

Ah no ! the streamlet's brink,
Where flowers stooped down to drink,
And violets were hidden by their leaves,
Grew cold at Winter's breath
And yielded up to death,
The faded flowers, o'er which the North-wind grieves

And Winter will not bring
 Back on his frosty wing,
 The leafy beauty of the Summer bowers;
 But when the wind sweeps by,
 Like a sad mourner's sigh,
 I long—ah yes,—I long for gentle flowers!

Oh, for one dewy bell
 To weave its soft'ning spell—
 Its spell of beauty—'round my mournful heart!
 Oh, for sweet blossoms now,
 To wreath my burning brow,
 And bid the thoughts which crowd my brain depart!

But Earth heeds not my sigh!
 The swift winds still go by,
 Sadd'ning with their wild tones the winter hours;
 And still the frozen cloud
 Wraps earth in snowy shroud;
 And I must wait—ah yes—wait long for flow'rs!

Sonnets.

I.

CATALEPSY.

In brightness passed the long slow-footed day ;
The yellow sun shed down its mildest beams,
Filling my drowsy mind with Fancy's dreams ;
And each bright moment lagged upon its way,
And linger'd, as it fain would longer stay ;
And in my ear were sounds like rippling streams,
Which languid flow beneath the sunlight's gleams,
All brightly dallying in idle play.
Then slowly o'er my form a feeling came
Of perfect rest, binding each nerve so still,
My hand no longer might obey my will :

And all grew perfect silence, as my frame
 Was bound in death-like trance ; and days passed by
 Ere light again unsealed my sleeping eye.

II.

RETURNING CONSCIOUSNESS.



I looked around me in that silent room,
 Though scarcely now my faint, enfeebled gaze
 Could bear the lustre of the sunlight's rays,
 Which crept, in beauty, through the curtained gloom,
 That seemed so like the shadow of the tomb ;
 And scarce I knew of the departed days ;
 For dim Forgetfulness had wove her maze,
 And wrapt each languid sense in rayless gloom.
 I felt almost like one from death awoke,
 Who, slowly rising from the grave's embrace,
 Looks 'round on forms his eye can scarcely trace
 With wond'ring gaze : and, when that spell was broke,
 And languid life-blood sought again my cheek,
 I faintly gazed around, surprised and weak.

To Mrs. G.

Oh stricken one ! grief thou hast known too well ;
Thy heart hath bowed beneath its mournful spell :
Each earthly hope hath crumbled to the tomb,
And left thy lonely heart in deeper gloom,
 And faded from thy trembling grasp :
 Each hope that crossed thy sky,
 Hath mocked thy weary eye,
And sunk to Death's unwelcome clasp.

Thy loved, thy cherished one hath left thee now ;
Cold, cold and still, Death sits upon his brow.
Earth was too dark ; and he hath passed away,—

He, whose young smile could cheer thy saddest day.

The cold damp earth his lonely bed :

He sleepeth calmly there,—

He left to thee, Despair,

Oh, mournful mother of the dead !

Thy joy hath perished ; and thy life no more

May be as joyous, as it was before ;

But yet, perchance, thy wrung and fainting heart,

That bled to see thine only son depart,

May rise from 'neath its weight of grief ;

And cheering hope may rise,

And point thee to the skies,

There, there to find thy sweet relief.

Where shall be my last Resting-Place!

Spirit of Prophecy! I may not look
Into the guarded Future's mystic book;
I may not know the secret of my life,
Whether of tranquil ease, or busy strife;
But grant, one moment, thy inspiring breath—
Let me but know where I shall lie in death!

Shall it be where a thousand flowers raise
Their beautiful heads to the sun's bright gaze?
Where the murmuring breeze that passes by,
Doth softly breathe, like the mourner's sigh?
Where the deep blue sky is forever fair,
O'er the dancing brook that is playing there?

Shall I sleep where the Alpine mountains high,
Pierce with their peaks the unclouded sky?
Where the blue flowers that are drooping below,
Ever rest their heads on eternal snow?

Where the dread avalanche startles around,
The echoes wild that awake at the sound ?

Or where the red sands of the desert rise,
To the swift sinoom that over it flies ?
Where the fiery Sun looking down in wrath,
Heats to a furnace the pilgrim's path ?
Where the gloom is cheered by no gentle flow'r,
And no singing brook beguiles the long hour ?
Or in Ocean's depths shall I find a grave,
In the dark blue halls of the bounding wave ?
Shall I die asleep 'mid gems of the sea,
While friends from afar shall weep over me ?
While darkly the waters above me shall beat,
And the snow-white foam be my winding sheet ?

Prophetic Spirit ! I will speak no more :
The days of ancient prophecy are o'er ;
Nor will I ask my resting-place to know,
Perhaps the wished for knowledge might be woe ;
Some spot might be my grave, so drear, so lone,
I'd shudder, if I thought that tomb my own.

On the Death of a Friend.

Oh Death ! and couldst thou not have taken
Some other flow'r, less fair, less bright ?
And left some other hearth forsaken,
Which ne'er before had known thy blight ?
But no ! thou didst but aim thy dart,
To cause the founts of grief to start
From out the wrung and bleeding heart,
That mourns for her :—
Beneath thy sway,
Great Conqueror,
She passed away.

Ah, mournful Death ! thou scarce hast waited
For Time to heal one bleeding wound ;
Again thy fierce thirst must be sated,—
Another lovely victim found ;

And she, we loved, hath passed away
From earth's rich brightness, fair and gay :
Affection might not bid her stay.

Oh, she hath gone
To the cold tomb,
All dark and lone,
In silent gloom !

Deep is the void which thou hast made,
And sad hearts, while her mem'ry lives,
Will ever hold a mournful shade,
That only crushed affection gives.
Oh, oft in after, brighter hours,
When Autumn blights the gentle flowers,
And blends with Winter's snowy showers,
The thoughts of her
Whom thou hast bowed,
Great Conqueror,
Fond hearts will cloud !

Sonnet.

TO A PRESSED VIOLET.

Thou art all dim and pale, my forest flower ;
Thy leaves, that once were green, are dead and dry ;
Thou bear'st no more the tints of Summer sky,
As thou didst once, when in the wild-wood bower,
Where gloom and silence ruled the sluggish hour,
Thou didst all meekly gaze with timid eye,
Upon the silent bird that flitted by,—
Or raising thy bright cup to catch the shower,
That fell in silver droppings on thee there,
And brightened oft thy deep and pensive hue,—
Or thou didst wait for Night's still falling dew,
Which bade thee in its grateful blessing share.
Thus thou in meek humility didst dwell,
Thankful for dew, and shower, which on thee fell.

Sonnet.

TO A GOLD PENCIL.

Oh precious gift ! gift of a cherished friend !

Shall I not ever fondly gaze on thee

With sweetest thoughts ? thou hast a charm for me,
Which o'er my soul a thrill of joy doth send ;
For, with fond dreams, thoughts of thy giver blend.

And as I gently, fondly gaze on thee,

Friendship's sweet waves gush from their foun-
tains free,

And, as they flow, a charm to thee they lend :

And it may be, perchance, in future years,

When, one by one, life's joys have passed away,

And Hope's bright flowers have gone to dull decay,

And left my sinking heart to grief and tears,

That I may look with a still fonder eye,

On thee, as on a friend of days gone by.

The Poet's Heart

Oh ! who is there, can know the Poet's heart,
With all its wealth of imagery ?
The blessed visions which so brightly start
Upon his dreaming spirit's eye ?

And who may know the living fountain's gush,
Whose streams refresh each heart below ?
Or the wrapt spirit's calm and holy hush,
Ere those bright words begin to flow ?

Or who can tell the thoughts which brightly glow
Upon the warm heart's sacred shrine ?—
Those angel thoughts, which softly come and go,
Like breathings from a world divine ?

We hear the melting murmurs of the lay,
With hearts responsive to the strain ;
But Oh ! the soul from which these burst away,—
What thought can pierce, or word explain !

Oh, Should I Die in Winter!

Oh! should I die in Winter,
When earth is cold and chill,
And fierce north winds are piping
With voices wild and shrill;
When o'er the shrouded meadow
The chirping snow-bird flies,
And with its voice is calling
The storm-clouds to the skies;
Or, when the sun is gazing
From out the greyish sky,
To see the snow reflecting
The brightness of his eye;
Or Night's pale stars are gleaming
With softer, purer light,
As though they journeyed nearer
Those orbs of glances bright,—
To teach us that the Season,
Though dark and cold below,

Gives clearer view of heaven,
Than Summer could bestow,—
Oh ! should I die in Winter,
When all things speak of death,
And to the Winter's keeping
Resign my last, last breath,
No flowers would deck my coffin,
No flowers would wreathe my head ;
And nothing bright go with me
To cheer my lonely bed.
But yet, there are, in Winter,
Upon a streamlet's brink,
Where Spring-time's dewy blossoms
Stooped gently down to drink,
Small, brightly shining jewels,
Bending above the stream,
That to the chilly sunbeams
Send back a rainbow gleam.
Ah, there are forms of beauty
Upon that streamlet's edge,
Fairer than Summer blossoms
Glancing from leafy hedge ;

For when the wind sweeps 'round them

In fierce and angry whirls,

Each dried sprig seeks the water,

And rises gemmed with pearls.

Then Oh, should I, in Winter,

Resign my last, last breath,

Bring those bright water jewels

To gem my brow in death!

Yes, should I die in Winter,

Bring, bring those jewels fair,

Those sprigs of purest crystal,

And twine them in my hair.

Place them within my coffin,

Around my sleeping head ;

Let something bright go with me

When I am with the dead.

Ah, yes!—to show that darkness

Is not my Spirit's dower,

Bring those bright shapes of beauty,

Gemmed with the icy shower.

Night.

It is the still, and holy-breathing Night ;
And well I know, that from the azure sky,
The twinkling stars are gleaming, pale and bright,—
Sending to earth their faint, and flick'ring light,
Beaming like dying watch-fires on the sight ;
Or like meek flowers that darkly cradled lie,—
Serene and peaceful in their place on high ;
Shedding their beauty, that, so sweetly bright,
Illumes the Heaven's dark, but tranquil face,
As if the Angels' fond and loving eyes
Were bending towards us, from th' midnight
skies,
To watch us calmly through the darkened space,
And guard the earth by their unfading charm,
That it may sleep in silence, safe from harm.

Life.

Gloomy clouds are flitting by,
O'er the Winter's cheerless sky ;
And the Moon's unsleeping eye
Gives no light.

Sad and cold the winds are sighing,
O'er the leaves that dead are lying,
Or on wild-winds swift are flying,
Through the Night.

Now and then the rain-drops patter,
And again the dark clouds scatter,
Showing each unseemly tatter,
As they part.

Such is Life, when reft and lone !
Sad we hear Death's tempest moan,

When all we ever lov'd hath flown
From the heart !

Coldly 'round its breath is sighing,
O'er the forms that cold are lying—
Gentle ones who left, when dying—
Left no light.

Yet, now and then, a light we spy,
Through the dim clouds which broken fly,
Beaming purely from on High,
On the sight ;

Then we think on some dear form,
Whose loved mem'ry still is warm,
Cheering through Life's troubled storm,
Like a spell :

Those dear forms which are no more,
Seem to beckon to the shore,
Where they now—Life's sorrow o'er—
Peaceful dwell.

My Dream of Death.

PART FIRST.

Mingled with dying light,
Slowly the shadows fell,
Deep'ning and dark'ning 'round
Within my lonely room,
Where pensively I lay.
There was a gentle hush
Amid the piping winds ;
Their voices murmured low,
As though they ceased to howl,
To see from out the sky,

The Winter sun depart :
Slowly it sunk to rest,
With cold unsadden'd face ;
For it had searched the earth
Throughout that Winter day,
And found no lovely thing,
On which its closing eye
Might wish to gaze again.

Slowly the objects 'round
Grew dim before my eyes ;
I scarcely saw them then,
Amid the soften'd gloom :
Fainter, and fainter still,
The shadows played around,
Till dreaming—there I lay—
Dreaming of brighter things.

I thought that buds of Spring
Were twining in my hair ;
I thought that breezes low

Played softly o'er my cheek ;
I thought that winding brooks
Rippled around my feet,
And birds of plumage bright,
With voices soft and low,
Warbled their songs of love,
Amid the op'ning flow'rs.

And then, there came a sound,
As if my name were called :
I started !—'t was the wind
Sighing in broken sounds,
Amid the far off woods.

With bursting sighs I woke ;
And, through the whit'ning pane,
Faintly the light was shed :
The dying sunset rays
Were struggling with the stars,
Which twinkled through the sky.
I wept !—The gushing tears
Flowed swiftly down my cheeks ;

For ah ! that blessed dream
Had stirred such memories,
That, from my sinking heart,
The tears came forth like rain,
When, from an April cloud,
It falls in fitful bursts.

“ Oh what is life ! ”—I sighed—
“ When every hope is vain,
When bright dreams only come
To mock the troubled heart ?
Oh ! better were the grave—
The cold and silent grave ;
For there, the shrouded form
May claim a dreamless rest.”
But soon, my wretched heart
Recalled the hasty word ;
“ Oh, God forgive,”—I sighed,—
“ Forgive thy murm’ring child ! ”

And then my soul grew calm ;
The hot tears left my eyes ;

And o'er my drooping lids,
Sleep scattered her repose ;
And I forgot my grief
In Slumber's gentle clasp ;
Forgot that murm'ring thoughts
Had crowded to my heart.

Then, on my sight there 'rose,
Slowly, a snow-white form,
Which gazed upon me there,
With coldly gleaming eye :
In vain I strove to speak,
For Terror froze my lips,
And fixed my shrinking eyes.
Still, fearfully I gazed ;
Nor could I turn away.
Upon that pallid brow
There rose a crown of pearls,
Which seemed like ice-drops torn
From hoary Winter's hand,
And placed upon that brow,
To shine in coldness there.

Cold was that marble face ;
No passion rested there ;
But yet, in that wan smile,
Which wreathed those ashy lips,
There seemed a pensive grief,—
A sadness, almost gone ;
And pity in those eyes,
Seemed frozen, yet not dead.

Within that marble hand
A wand of ice was pressed ;
A strange and mystic wand,
Which seemed to freeze the air ;
And there were snow-white wings
Upon that rigid form ;
And when they slowly moved,
They sent an icy breath
Through all my shudd'ring frame.

“ Angel, if such thou be,”
(At length, I, whisp'ring, spoke,
Though scarce my stiff'ning lips

Could speak the broken words :)

“ Whence, wherefore art thou come ?

And tell me what thy name,

That thou shouldst seek me here,

And stand beside my bed,

In this cold midnight gloom !”

Scarcely the words I spoke,

For Fear was on my heart ;

And faint the accents came

From out my parted lips,

When thus the Form replied :

“ Thou’st asked me, ‘ what my name ?’

’Tis one which mortals fear :

Hear it, and shudder then !

Know thou my name is Death !”

Trembling and faint I shrunk ;

The warm blood left my cheek,

And froze within my heart.

“ Oh Death ! and hast thou come”—

With trembling lip I spake—

“ To claim me now for thine ?—

To still my beating heart,
And place my pallid form
Within the silent grave?
Wilt thou not wait, Oh Death!
Till Winter is no more?
Oh, can I die in peace
While loud the tempest raves,
And whistling winds bring down
From clouds of snow, their showers!
Oh, can I rest in peace
Beneath the frozen sod,
While heaps of glitt'ring snow
Seem marbles for my tomb!
Oh! then, wilt thou not wait
Till Winter's reign is o'er?
Till, from the breezy South,
The Spring-time comes again,
And brings her op'ning buds,
And all her singing birds
To warble in the grove?
Oh! then, beneath the sod,
Whereon the sunshine rests,

Death ! I will go with thee,
And murmur not to sleep
Beneath the blooming flowers."

I ceased ; and Death replied :—
" Mortal, why shouldst thou fear ?
I claim thee at the last :
Better to die when young,
Ere yet the Earth has gained
Too large a share of love,—
Ere yet thy soul hath grown
Familiar with its sin ;
But thou hast said that now,
When Earth is dark with storms,
Thou couldst not die in peace,
And rest within the grave.
O, wouldst thou not meet Death,
When Earth thy mother dies,
And, 'neath her snowy shroud,
Rest silent, undisturbed ?

" Thou wouldst not hear the winds
Piping above thy head ;

Thou wouldst not feel their breath,
Nor see the gloomy Earth
Shrouded with drifted snow ;
But calm, in dreamless rest,
Forget thy Sorrow's load.

“ And, should I wait for thee,
Till Winter's reign is o'er ;
Until the joyous Spring
Brings blooming flowers and birds,
Thou wouldst not hear the song,
Nor see the blooming wreath,
For silent thou wouldst lie
Within thy gloomy grave :
Unheard the sounds would fall
Above thy sleeping head :
Unseen, the flowers look gay.
Naught, naught could wake thee there.

“ But yet, thou needst not fear ;
I have not come for thee,
To lay thee in the grave :

Not yet thy heart shall cease
To beat within thy breast ;
Not yet thine eye shall close
In its unwaking sleep ;
But thou shalt go with me
Beyond the realms of time ;
And thou shalt see the forms,
Which move no more on Earth ;
And thou shalt hear the tones
Of voices, rich and sweet,
Which earthly friends have mourned,
And missed, from day to day,—
Which sought the lonely tomb,
And left their grieving sight.

“ Come, then, and go with me
Beyond the realms of Time ;
Unharm'd I take thy form,—
Unblighted by my breath ;
Safe will I bring thee back,
Back to this gloomy world.”

Scarcely I heard the words ;
For o'er my form there came
A sense of helpless rest,
Still as the pallid clay,
Which sinks to darkness down,
And makes the tomb its bed.
Breathless I rested there,
I closed my weary eyes ;
For on the languid lids,
Death's icy wand was pressed.

I lay in silence, thus,
Nor knew how long the time ;
But when my eyes unclosed,
And, startled, gazed around,
'Twas on a brighter scene
Than e'er before they met :
Fair as the artist sees,
When on his weary bed
He lays him down to rest,
But strives in vain to sleep ;
For ever on his eyes,

Such blessed visions rise,
Of softest, blended hues,
Tints from the rainbow's arch,
And from the sunset cloud,
Painted in fairest shapes,
Melting, and soft, and bright ;
Beauty, he may not fix
Upon the canvas white.

Uncrushed beneath my feet,
Flowers of the brightest gold,
Sprinkled with purple dyes,
A yielding carpet made ;
Such flowers bloom not on Earth.
They seemed but golden light,
Shaped into fairest forms,
To pave the blissful way :
And there were shining Ones
Moving amid the bowers,
Girdled with snow-white clouds,
Winged from the sunset's hues,
And crowned with starry gems :

And, on the fragrant air,
Dewy with rosy clouds,
Anon their voices rose,
Blending with sound of harps
Attuned to songs of praise ;
Or moved around the Throne,
Which in the centre rose,
Enwrapt in dazzling light,
Whereon I might not gaze !

As thus surprised I stood,
With a bewildered glance,
Gazing on all I saw,
I turned me to my guide ;
“ This surely is not Earth,”—
With trembling voice I said ;—
“ For ne’er such blissful sight
Bursts on a mortal’s eye.”

“ No ! Earth is not like this,”
In mournful tone he sighed ;
Nor can this be thy place,

Until I set thee free ;
But I will leave thee here,
To rest in peace awhile,
With some who lately came,
Guided alone by me,
Unto this place of bliss."

While Death's white angel spoke,
There came three shining Ones
From out that angel band ;
And thus the foremost spake :
"Oh Death ! and is it Thou ?
Yet, wherefore art thou here,
Angel of silent Death !
Here ! where there's naught to die ?
And whom hast thou in charge,
Oh ! friend of mortal life ?"

Then, mournful, Death replied :
"No, this is not my place ;
But now I come to bring
One, who must dwell awhile—

Yet not forever—here :
Weary of earthly life,
I give her grateful rest ;
Then take her back to Earth ;
Teach her to humbly live
All her ‘ appointed time ;’ —
Nor rashly call on me,
Nor shrink from my approach :
Farewell ! I go to Earth
To keep my station there.”
He ceased, and faded quick
Beyond my wand’ring sight.

Weak with delicious fear,
I sunk upon the flowers ;
And those bright Angel Ones
Bent gently o’er me there.
And thus the First began,
While, from his starry crown,
Rich rays like sunlight fell :
“ Oh highly favored One—
To come before thy time,

To this bright place of bliss :
Weary thou art of Earth,
And well—well mayst thou be ;
For it is sad with grief,
And dark with clouds of sin :
Once did I know its cares ;
And heavily they pressed
Upon my sinking soul.”

“ What ! art thou then of Earth ?
And hast thou known its griefs ?
Tell of thy sojourn there,
Within that dreary world,
Fair angel One,”—I cried !
“ Yes, once I lived on Earth,
Dwelt with the sons of men ;
And I will tell the tale
Of what befel me there ;
For it is ever sweet
To tell of things gone by,—
Sad things which are no more.”

PART SECOND.

“Sweet was my home below,
Fair as the Earth can give.
A cottage, small and white,
Shaded by hoary trees,
Which spread their giant arms
Far o’er the lowly roof.
Behind, there was a wood,
Where scented blossoms grew
Faint with their own sweet breath,
Pale in the forest-shade ;
And by that pleasant home,
There rolled a shining stream,
Deep’ning and wid’ning still,
Until a river broad

Rolled on its murm'ring waves ;
And on its banks there grew
Timid and smiling flowers,
Which well I loved to pluck,
When Spring-time gave their buds ;
And 'round that landscape's edge,
Closed purple swelling hills,
From which the Sunrise broke,
Shedding her lustre there,—
To which the Sun sunk down,
When Night lit up the Moon,
And called her silver Stars.

“ But dearer far, than all,
To my untrammelled heart,
Those loved and loving ones
Beneath that lowly roof ;
A gentle mother there
Watched o'er my infant steps ;
A father, good and kind,
Blessed with his noble love ;
And fairy sisters, too,

Joined in my childish play—
Roaming through stately wood,
Or over swelling hills ;
Or, as the twilight came,
Gathered with ready feet,
Around our mother's knee,
And listened to her voice,
As, with a trembling lip,
She told how ' God's own Son'
Left all the bliss above,
And sought the Earth to die—
To die, that Man might live ;
And then, in sadder voice,
She spoke of other climes,
Where men bowed down to stones,
And worshiped blocks of wood ;
Where no kind voice was raised
To teach the way of peace.

“ Oh ! then my young heart burned
To go beyond the sea,
And guide their erring hearts,

With gentle words, to God;
To point the eye of Faith
To brighter, better worlds;
To joys beyond the sky—
Beyond the vale of Death.

“And when to manhood grown,
My thoughts were still of them;
And still my spirit yearned
To speak to them of God,—
To cheer that land of gloom,
With words of brightest hope;
And I resolved to go,
To leave my pleasant home,
And bid a sad farewell,
To friends who stayed behind.

“And then I left that spot,
With sad and tearful eye;
But with a kindling faith
Which whispered words of cheer,
Sweet to my sinking soul;

Then, in the white-winged ship,
I took the wat'ry way
With one, whose gentle heart
Was sweetly linked to mine ;
Who, for unguided souls,
Had given up her life.

“ Soon to that distant shore—
The flowery eastern land,
For which we left our homes—
With cheerful hearts, we came
To teach the way of love
To those, whose souls were dark ;
That they might hear and live,
Rejoicing in their God.

“ Sad, for awhile, we were,
Thinking of absent friends,
Whose homes far distant lay,
Divided from our own
By Ocean's foaming waves ;
But yet, not long to grief

We gave our earnest hearts ;
But, with the voice of Love,
We spoke to dying souls.

“ Not long I labored there,
Ere, on my burning cheek,
Death’s roses brightly glowed
To deck me for the tomb ;
And as my steps grew faint,
And weaker, day by day,
I knew that I must seek
A brighter, better world.

“ Fain would my heart have staid
And beat on Earth awhile ;
That I might speak still more
To those benighted Ones,
Whom I went forth to serve ;
And fain would I have staid
That lonely one beside,
Whose gentle words and kind,
Had oft my spirit soothed ;

Who oft had cheered my soul
With words of sweetest hope,
When, weary of the toil,
My murm'ring heart had sighed,
And dared to breathe complaint.
Oh, I was sad to leave
One whom I loved so well !
But yet, my spirit bowed
And said—' God's will be done !'
And soon Death sought my form
And boldly called it his :
I lay upon my couch,
Waiting for his approach.
Friends were around me there ;
And there, too, knelt my wife,
Gazing with speechless woe,
Upon my dying face.
' Oh, thou wilt leave me now,'
She said with mournful voice,—
' Leave me, and darkly rest
Within thy silent grave !
Oh, who shall soothe my grief

When I am all alone ;
When thou shalt have no voice
To speak the words of hope ;
When thy warm heart is still,
And beats no more with love—
No more with holy Faith !

“Then, with a breaking heart,
But calmly, I replied :
‘Where now,—O, gentle wife,—
Is that high soul of thine,
Which bade thee leave thy home,
And brave the foamy sea
With all its angry winds,
And its black tempest clouds,
And come to this strange land,
Far from thy childhood’s home ?
Will not thy Savior’s love
Still cheer thy sinking soul ?
Oh, canst thou say, ‘alone,’
When He, who bade thee come
And toil awhile for him,

Is ever in thy heart ?
Oh ! we shall meet, my love,
Where pain is not, nor death !
Oh, keep this hope in view !
And when thy fainting faith
Looks toward the sky through tears,
Know that I wait for thee.

“ My voice grew weak : I ceased
They brought my smiling babe
Which could not speak my name,
That I might gaze once more
Upon its snowy brow.
I pressed my clayey lips
Upon its dimpled cheek,
And laid my dying hand
In hers, whose marble face
Was icy cold—like mine :
I feebly pressed that hand,
And then I fell asleep.
My soul a moment stayed
To hear the sobs of grief,

To see the mourner's tears ;
Then wing'd its way on high,
To dwell, in blissful life,
In realms more richly bright,
Than e'er my soul had dreamed,
E'en in her wildest flights.

“Such was my Spirit's course,
As through the world it passed ;
And oft I wing my way
Down to the lonely Earth,
To cheer the gentle One
Whose head was bowed with grief,—
Whose heart was well nigh broke.
And when I'm at her side,
I whisper words of cheer ;
Bidding her toil-worn heart
Rise, with the hope of peace ;
But, though unseen by her,
My words her spirit soothe,
Giving her cheerful strength
To labor till the end,
In meek, expectant hope.

“And dost thou think in vain
My life, so short below ?
Ah, no ! though I was weak,
My Savior gave me help
To win some souls on earth,
To place, before the throne,
An off’ring to my God ;
And on this starry crown,
Which blazes on my brow,
Thou canst their number read.”

The bright crowned angel ceased ;
Then, slowly turned away,
And joined the shining throng,
With sweetest hymns of praise ;
But ere he left me, thus,
He spake, in gentle tone :
“ I leave thee for awhile,
To these beside thee now ;
And they, with kindly words,
Will make thy heart at ease.”

He went ; and then I turned
Unto those other forms :
Different they were from his.
The first, was calmly bright ;
And in her eyes there shone
A mild and gentle beam,
Which seemed as if some grief,
Perchance, had once been there ;
Which, conquered long ago,
Had left the rising soul
More lofty than before.
To this fair form I turned :
“ Art thou of Earth ? ” I asked ;
“ Has thy pure spirit passed
Through cares and troubles there ?
Ah, strange—how strange it seems,
That, in that heartless world,
Dwell those whose lofty souls
From every stain are free ;
And who may reach at last
This pure and blessed place !
But Ah ! what mournful lot,

Could thine have been on Earth ?
Mournful it must have been ;
For tears, in that cold world,
Have ever fallen fast ;
And risen in gloomy clouds,
To drop in showers again.
Each wears some nestled grief
Close at his bleeding heart,
To draw his life away.
Some grief, some tears were thine ;
Then tell the mournful tale
Of all thy blighted hopes—
Perchance, thy life-long woe.”

PART THIRD.

The angel gently said :
“ True, there are tears on Earth ;
But when the lofty soul
Spurns all its petty cares,
And turns, in faith, to God,
There is a shining Star—
A light of inward peace,
Which melts the heart’s deep woe,
And seems more fair and bright,
Because of gloom around,
Through which its steady ray
Pierces, with grateful beams ;
And hearts there are, on Earth—
Though strange it seems to thee—
Which bear their spirit’s woe

With fortitude and ease ;
Nor sink beneath its weight ;
Nor murmur at the load.

“ But thou dost ask to know
What fears, what mournful woe,
Disturbed my peace on Earth.
I cannot tell of much ;
For humble there my lot,
And calm, as Earth can be.
I knew no sudden woe,
To burn, or tear my heart,
Leaving its naked nerves
Bleeding and quiv’ring still,—
While every slighter blow
Might sting to maddened pain,
Or crush to pulseless rest ;
But slowly blighting woe—
Tears falling drop by drop,
Can bleed away the life ;
And, with its tight’ning coil,
Grown stronger day by day,

Stifle the writhing heart
In closely wreathed embrace.

“ Such was my living grief :
Not for myself alone ;
But for a cherished child,
Which sported at my knee,
When but a rosy babe ;
Who grew, before my eyes,
More lovely day by day ;
Until the cords of love,
Which bound her to my heart,
Grew stronger, far, than death.
Fair was my gentle girl ;
Lovely as Summer flower,
Which hides its timid heart,
Until the fervid sun
Bursts through the shielding leaves,
To drink the sweets, awhile
Then wither up its bloom,
And leave it to decay.

“ So timidly she bloomed
In shy, and girlish grace ;
Her young heart, warm and pure,
Bounding with hope and joy.
Oh ! childhood days on earth,
Where almost all is sad,
Seem like a breath from bliss,
Sent down to fill the sails,
And waft the shrinking bark
Along the sea of Life ;
That, when dark storms arise,
And black seas foam with rage,
And bellow 'round the bark,
Lifting the crested wave
To sink it in the deep,
The mind may turn its eye
Back to the peaceful time,
When that light, playing breeze
Filled up the whitening sails ;
And Ocean's azure hand
Lifted the tiny waves,
And bore it brightly on.

“Such was my Flora’s life :
Her childhood passed away,
Like sunlight on the flowers ;
And when her sparkling eye
Grew thoughtful with her years,
And childish mirth was gone,
Her heart was full of joy ;
And when she gave that heart,
Pure as the morning dew—
Gave it, with woman’s faith,
To one who sought its love,
All seemed so glad and bright,
I could not think of grief ;
But still, with jealous eye
I watched her kindling love ;
And when I saw her brow
Bound with the bridal wreath,
I wept to lose my child !
And when she left her home,
I missed her merry voice ;
That home, where she had dwelt,
In her young, fairy youth,

Was filled with silent gloom,
Because she was not there.

“ A year had passed away ;
When, in her tender arms,
A dimpled babe was pressed ;
And when she smiled with joy
Upon her rosy child,
She saw no grief beyond ;
And though her maiden choice
Seemed colder, than before,—
Than when he sought her hand
In their first dream of love,—
She deemed, that still, his heart
Beat warm and true to hers.

“ But soon strange things were said :
Words full of shame to him ;
And oft he left her side
To seek another form ;
And praised with Flattery’s lips,
Another fairer face ;

For now, he loved no more
The bride, whom he had won.
Oh! he had never loved,
As that unchanging heart,
Which now he lightly crushed.

“ But her true woman’s soul
Spurned such a thought of him
And still loved firmly on,
Striving, in every act,
To please her haughty love,
By smile and gentle word ;
Striving to win him back,
And prove her faith in him ;
But when the fearful truth
No longer she denied,
Still, with a wilder love,
She lived and suffered on—
Wreathing her lips with smiles,
That he might love her face ;
When, in her tortured heart,
The fire of anguish burned.

“Once, when I plead with her
To seek for peace again,
Within her childhood’s home,
She raised her eyes and said :
‘ Mother, I cannot go !
There is no peace for me,
Save in the silent tomb ;
And there I may not rest.
Oh, would that I might die !
My heart is sick with grief,
Which tears, with serpent fangs,
Each wild and harassed nerve,
And coils its loathsome fold
’Round ev’ry blasted hope ;
Yet he, who gives this grief,
Which makes my life a curse,
Claims all my tortured love ;
And ev’ry wretched beat
This bleeding heart can give,
Still, still is true to him.
Oh ! as I am thy child,
Entreat me not to go !

For I am weary now,—
Weary of life and hope !
And though, with taunting words,
He cuts my shrinking heart,
Still, still I bless his name !

“ She ceased, and bowed her head—
Weeping—upon her child !
Those uncomplaining tears,
Bitter with broken hopes,
Fell on the smarting wound,
Which tore her broken heart.
My own heart sunk with woe ;
Nor could I seek, again,
To turn her faith from him—
From him who caused this grief ;
But yet, I prayed to God
For vengeance on his head !

“ Months slowly passed away ;
Each crushing Flora's heart
Still nearer to the earth ;

For time had vexed her grief,
And tore each ling'ring hope
From her bowed soul away.

“Soon she was left alone
To grieve away her life ;
But yet, she seemed less sad,
Than at her husband's side ;
And sometimes faintly smiled
Upon her dimpled babe :
And, when the falling tear
Coursed down her snowy cheeks,
'Twas with such patient grief
Upon her gentle face,
She looked an angel grieved ;
But when I spoke of him—
The faithless, heartless wretch,
Who gave her up to woe—
In harsh and angry words,
With such a pleading look—
Reproachful, though so mild,—
She gazed through tears on me,

That soon, I, too, had learned
To think of him with tears !—
To pity and forgive !

“ But years passed swiftly by ;
And Flora’s only child
Was now his mother’s pride :
A glad, light-hearted boy,
Whose tall and graceful form
Was manly in its mien ;
But Oh ! not long to her
Was left this last bright hope ;
For soon, from her embrace,
By Death’s cold hand, was torn
The idol of her heart !

“ One day he laid him down
Upon a couch of pain,
Never again to rise :
She watched, with anguished heart,
Each change of brow and cheek ;
With sobs, and fearful moans,

Waiting to see him die :
But when the hue of death
Came slowly o'er his face,
Her spirit rose in strength,
To brave the fearful hour.
Calmly her eyes were fixed
Upon her dying boy ;
Calmly she saw her hopes,
With him, in death depart.
His eyes unclosed awhile ;
His white lips moved in words :
' Mother !' he faintly said,
' Bring me some budding flowers
To gaze upon once more ;
For soon beneath the sod
My weary head will lie,
And I would see again
The pale bright buds of Earth.
And let the ev'ning breeze,
Now through my window come,
Bearing upon its wings
The dying breath of day ;

For ne'er upon my brow
'T will gently play again.'
And, then, he turned his eyes
To gaze upon the flowers ;
And smiled to feel the breeze
Fanning his pallid cheek.

" Silent, he lay awhile ;
And then, with whispering voice,
Dying and faint, he said :
' Oh, Mother ! sing to me,
For I am dying now ;
And let my spirit pass
Through Heaven's gate of light,
Upon the breath of song !
'T will not be dying then ;
But sleeping for awhile,
To wake beyond the sky !"

" She pressed the gushing tears,
Back from her weary eyes ;
And stifled, for awhile,

Her agony of heart,
That she might raise her voice
To sing her child to sleep !
Trembling, her voice arose,
Quiv'ring on every note,
And mixed with angel songs,
Which filled the lonely room—
Although unheard by us.

“ 'T was over ; and that face,
Icy and marble white,
Smiled in its silent rest.
Then, Flora's soul gave way !
She called in frenzied tones
Upon her silent child,
And thus, in anguish cried :
' Oh, Idol of my heart !
What have I done, my boy,
That thou shouldst leave me thus !
Was I not ever kind,
And was not every wish
Met by a mother's care !

Why didst thou leave me thus ?
The grave is cold and dark.
I would have laid thy head
Upon my mournful breast ;
And there thou couldst have slept.
Oh, cruel, cruel death !
To take my only joy—
All that could make life sweet—
And let me still live on !

“ ‘ I cannot weep for thee,
My dearest, only one !
For, on my burning brain,
There rests a band of fire,
That dries my scalding tears,
Ere they can reach my eyes.
Oh, I have never known
Such fearful grief till now ;
To see thee resting there,
Calmly, and all unmoved,
While, from my aching heart,
The last, last hope has flown !

Oh, it is worse—far worse—
Than I had known before !
And I must live, my child,
Live on,—without thy voice
To cheer my broken heart !
I shall not see thee more ;
For, in the silent grave,
Thy form must turn to dust !
Oh, canst thou turn to dust ?—
With thy white marble brow,
'Round which thy raven curls,
Glossy and graceful, rest !'

“ Thus, with a mournful plaint,
She paced the silent room,
Tearless and wild with grief ;
But when within the tomb
She saw the coffin rest,
Tears fell in gushing showers,
Laving her hollow cheeks,
And gave her soul relief ;
And, day by day, those tears

fell gently on his grave,
To wet the budding flowers,
Which she had planted there.

“And still her patient heart
Is beating on the earth,
Calm, 'neath its weight of woe ;
And, with an eye of Faith,
She sees her place of rest
Within her Father's home.
And 'tis not distant far ;
For, on her wasted cheek,
There burns the rose of death—
Fitful, and sometimes lost ;
And, in her large dark eye,
There burns a light from bliss,
That shines into her heart,
To light her to the sky.
And soon her care-worn brow,
'Round which her dark hair waves,
Which grief hath streaked with grey,
Shall rest within the grave ;

And her untrammelled soul,
In this abode of bliss,
Receive its bright reward."

The angel ceased to speak,
And smiled a gentle smile ;
As though those last sweet thoughts—
Thoughts of that daughter's joy—
Made Heaven still more bright ;
Then, with still sweeter voice,
The angel spake again :
" Oh ! why canst thou not live,
While others bear such woe
With uncomplaining hearts ?
What sorrow hast thou known,
That thou wouldst turn from life,
And seek for rest so soon ?
Mortal ! dost thou not know,
The more thou shalt endure
With meek and patient mind,
The sweeter is thy rest,
When life is done, at last ?

The brighter is the smile
Of thy approving God?"

"No crushing grief," I said,
"Hath weighed my spirit down ;
Or made me turn from life
And wish for long repose :
But Oh ! my heart is sad
To see the gloomy world
So full of fearful sin ;
And I have wished to die—
To rest within the grave ;
But, when I gazed on Death,
And marked his icy form,
I shrank from his embrace,
And clung, in fear, to life.
But now I fear no more
To leave this clay to him—
To crumble into dust—
While I shall rise, in joy,
To happiness on high.
Oh, how can I return,

When I have seen such peace,
And dwell again on Earth,
So full of guilt and woe !”

PART FOURTH.

The other angel form,
Which there had silent stood,
Lifted its harp-like voice,
And answered thus, my words :
“ True, Earth is full of woe ;
But, rather thou shouldst live,
And do whate’er thou canst
To make the world less dark,
Less full of sin and woe,
Than, weary, turn away,—

Wishing for peace and rest.
I, too, once dwelt on Earth,
And breathed such words as thine.
Flushed with the thoughts of Fame,
Ambition was my guide;
And, with a burning brow,
And proud, unshrinking heart,
On—onward still—I toiled
To reach the longed for goal.
Upon a giddy hight
I thought my footing sure:
From that proud hight I sunk,
And felt that naught was left
To care for on the Earth.
I traveled far and wide,
Striving to quite forget
My disappointed hopes;
And learned to hate mankind.

“ Whether I roamed afar,
Where Southern breezes blow,
And flowers of richest dyes,

Lift up their glowing heads
Amid the shady bowers,
And ever fragrant groves,—
Or, far in Eastern land,
Where strange, majestic piles
Speak of the ages gone ;
Piles which those ages raised
To mark their place of rest,
To tell that once they were ;
As tombstones, o'er a grave,
Tell that, what now is clay,
Was once a form of life :
Still, evrywhere I roamed,
I saw man's foolish pride,
His frailty, and his sin !
I saw the child of want
Begging, in vain, for bread ;
Wand'ring, with feeble steps,
The long and weary day ;
And then, when darkness came,
Hungry, and faint, and cold,
Lie down upon the earth

To rest his weary frame,
Before the rich man's door,
Unheeded, and unseen.

“I saw the madd'ning bowl
Drained by the reeling wretch,
Who sought the fearful draught,
Leaving each friend behind—
Each pure and lofty hope—
To sink in want and shame,
And worship at its shrine.

“I saw my brother man
Sink 'neath the cruel lash,
Because his hue was dark ;
And crouch in shrouding dust,
Nor dare to make complaint :
His children and his wife,
Snatched by a ruthless hand,
And torn from his embrace,—
Never to see him more.
And when the brutal wretch,

Who chained the crouching slave,
Bade sounds of joyous mirth
Rise from his quiv'ring lips,
I heard the mirthful song—
A requiem wild and sad—
Above his broken hopes.

“ I saw the nations rise,
And pour each other's blood
Upon the crimson field,
Piled with the heaps of slain ;
Whose dying ears were filled
With the stern cannon's roar,
Which bellowed o'er them there,
In place of friendship's sighs.
Oh ! 'twas a fearful thing
To see the shroud of blood
About the soldier's form,
Whereon a mother's eye
Had rested with delight ;
And that cold, pallid brow,
Whereon a mother's lip

Had pressed the kiss of love,
Stained by the blood-wet locks.

“ I felt not for mankind ;
My heart recoiled in hate,
When pity should have moved.
In gloomy hermit shade,
I hid me from the world
To dwell in peace alone ;
But soon, within my soul
There rose a gentle thought,
Which said, in voiceless words,—
‘ Oh, is there naught to do
In this wide world of sin ?
Canst thou not raise thy hand,
And stay some little grief ?
Make some slight joy on earth,
Instead of pining here,
Cursing thy brother man
For crime which he has done,
And, with a strange contempt,
Gazing on want and woe ?’

“I listened to those words ;
And, with a changing heart,
I sought mankind again—
Hearing the cry of woe
With pity, not contempt ;
And strove to heal the wound,
Which ruthless grief had made.
I sought the orphan child,
To give kind words of cheer ;
The widow, lone and sad,
I tried to give relief :
Then, to the call of want,
I turned in pity’s mood,
And gave the ‘ Words of Life’
To those who sought for peace.
Humble, obscure my lot :
I knew not wealth or pride ;
But, in my lowly home,
I dwelt with happy heart,
And wished not fame on earth.

“ Thus passed my peaceful life,
Till Age had marked my brow ;

And Time had thinned the hair,
Which floated round my head
In white and silver locks.
Then, in the silent tomb,
Death laid my mortal frame,
To moulder into dust ;
While I arose, in joy,
Up to this blest abode,
Forever here to dwell.
And wouldst thou be, on earth,
Free from each vexing thought ?
Go, do thou likewise there !”

He ceased ; and I replied :
“ Bright one ! thy words are wise.
I know, to dry the tear,
To stop the bursting sigh,
To comfort those who mourn,
And shed the light of joy
Upon the broken heart,
Will give the spirit peace,
More than aught else below.

But Oh ! the way is long,
Beset with deep-laid snares,
Which vex the weary soul,
And make it long for rest.
How shall I pass through life,
Unblotted by its stain—
Unblighted by its curse ?”

I ceased with mournful sigh ;
And thus the angel spoke,
In answer to my words :
“ **Mortal !** dost thou not know
Angels shall be thy guides ?
To watch above thy way,
And keep thy soul from harm ?

“ Bright angels hear thy words,
And see thy Spirit's strife,
In pity, and in love :
They guard thy tempted path,
And, though unseen by thee,
Speak kindly to thy soul.

Then, mortal, go to earth,
Live uncomplaining there,
Shed joy around thy way,
From out thy peaceful heart ;
And thou shalt rest at last,
Sweetly and undisturbed."

That sweet tone left my ear,
And softly died away
In low and silv'ry notes ;
I heard a murm'ring sound :
'T was like a streamlet's voice,
Which slowly ripples by ;
The bright and tiny wave
Complaining to the light.
'T was but the mournful breeze
Whisp'ring to faded earth,
Of Winter and decay.

I woke, and gazed around :
The slowly rising Sun,
Glanced through the frosty pane,

With pale and softened light.
Alas! I had but dreamed!
Yet still, upon my soul
There sat a solemn peace;
And Oh, I could but deem
That angels brooded there,
Guarding, with shining wings,
The portals of my heart!

Angels.

There are Angels in our pathway,
Angels from the sky above ;
They have come to us in pity,
And they guard our hearts in love.

Sometimes, we can hear them singing,
Singing holy spirit-airs ;
And we thus are cheered and strengthened
To forget life's heavy cares.

All these bright and holy Angels
Were our gentle friends on earth,—
Sharing in our dreary sorrows,
Mingling with us in our mirth.

Ah ! we mourned with bitter weeping—
Felt ourselves to be alone,
When they pressed the cold earth-pillow,
Underneath the grave-yard stone.

But they still, with tender voices,
Warn us of the coming ill,
Cheer us on to deeds of mercy,
With their holy music still.

My Country, Oh, my Country !

My Country, Oh, my Country !

I love thy towering hills,
Thy richly waving forests,
Laced by a thousand rills.

I love to hear the story,
Of all thy noble strife ;
The battles of our fathers,
For liberty and life.

But Oh, my peerless country,
A stain upon thy brow,
A bloodspot on thy banner,
Grows darker, even now !

My Country, Oh, my Country!

Have I not wept for thee?

That stain of blood and darkness

Upon thy brow to see?

And when thy youthful greatness

Would swell my heart with pride,

I think of Afric's children,

And of that crimson tide,

Which, from their stripes, is flowing,

A swiftly gathering flood,

Wherein to dip thy banner;

Yea, dip it now in blood,

And let it wave above us,

All wet with human gore;

For we can see, Columbia,

Thy shining stars no more!

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